



TIME

**The
Agnew
Crisis**

**SPECIAL
SECTION**

THE LAND BOOM



1974 is a beautiful

Monaco. A country where you can feel the thrill of life in every breeze. A country where both excitement and serenity fill each day. A country so beautiful there's almost a magic to its name. That's Monaco, the country. But there's another Monaco.

Dodge Monaco. A car that's captured all the beauty and style

of the principality for which it was named. A car engineered with all the substance and character for which Dodge is famous.

Dodge Monaco is unmistakably new for 1974. Styled with elegance and a flair befitting the man who chooses Monaco as his car. Inside awaits a quiet world of luxury, comfort, and convenience.

There's a finely upholstered split-back bench seat in the Monaco Brougham which allows the driver to adjust his section separately from that of his front seat passengers. The Monaco driver also has his own separate glove compartment built into his door. And a separate ashtray. There're power front disc brakes.



time for Monaco

automatic transmission, and power steering to further increase the comfort of the Monaco driver.

But exterior styling and interior luxury do not tell the entire story of the 1974 Dodge Monaco. Steel-belted radial tires are standard on the Monaco Brougham. And throughout every Monaco, there are a host of Chrysler engineering

advances. From its improved torsion-bar suspension to its virtually maintenance-free Electronic Ignition System, Monaco is engineered to preserve its owner's peace of mind.

Monaco. Unmistakably new. Unmistakably elegant. This year, unmistakably for you. 1974 is a beautiful time for Monaco.



Salem refreshes naturally!

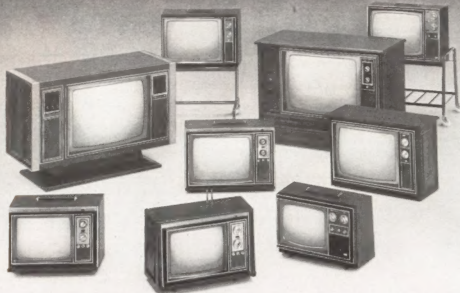


- Naturally grown menthol.
- Rich natural tobacco taste.
- No harsh, hot taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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SUPER KING: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine,
KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.



**If Admiral didn't
build great Color TV...
we couldn't put it in this
great package.**

The Admiral 5-Point Protection Package.

When you buy Admiral Color TV, no matter how much or how little you pay, you get the strongest owner protection package in color TV. Here it is:

1. A quality product.
1. It's the best kind of protection we can give you.
2. One-year free parts and labor warranty on every part of every 1974 Admiral Color TV set. (Most manufacturers limit full-coverage, full-year warranty protection to their solid state models only.)

3. Five-year picture tube protection. Admiral stays with you for five years: free replacement during the first two years, and a savings during the next three. (Most TV makers end their warranties at two years.)

4. Free service loaners for Color TV's. Participating Admiral Mastercare Centers will

lend you a 12-inch (diag. meas.) color TV free if your 1974 color set is in for first-year warranty repairs that will take more than two working days.

5. Coast-to-coast toll-free owner Hot Line. If you have a problem with your 1974 set or the service, we want to know about it. We'll do our best to get you satisfaction.



Admiral
Mark of Quality

Although the Iron Curtain is less rigid than it used to be, Western newsmen are still welcomed cautiously in East Germany. After arriving in Leipzig, 90 miles southwest of the Berlin Wall, Chief European Correspondent William Rademakers and Bonn Bureau Chief Bruce Nelan discovered that their time was not to be entirely their own. "The authorities," Rademakers says, "had organized a togetherness program stretching over two weeks." Reluctantly, G.D.R. officials gave in to the correspondents' request to split up: Rademakers traveled east to the Polish border, while Nelan went as far south as "Saxon Switzerland" near the Czech border.

Both correspondents found that the many East Germans they interviewed outside Berlin were friendlier—and far more talkative—than the uptight "press officers" in the capital. "Sometimes it was difficult to break away from their exemplary hospitality," says Nelan, who endured a four-hour tour of an alloy steel mill. Rademakers met with more warmth than he had bargained for. "A heat wave was sweeping across East Germany," he complains, "and every window seemed locked up for the winter."

Nelan, a TIME correspondent since 1965, first visited East Germany last year, when he became Bonn bureau chief. Rademakers, who has served in most of the European bureaus of TIME since joining in 1959, got his first taste of East Germany more than twelve years ago, and has been back as recently as last summer for a retrospective on the Berlin Wall.

The land boom, the personalities associated with it, the way land is used, and abused, in this country: these issues are the subject of a special section in this week's issue. Senior Editor Marshall Loeb supervised the project. Senior Editor Leon Jaroff and Associate Editor George Church split the task of editing the copy. Business Writer Donald Morrison dealt with the boom itself. Environment Writer Philip Herrera discussed the problems of land use, while Nation Writer Edwin G. Warner and Science Writer Frederic Golden contributed other features. This editorial team received a wealth of material filed by more

than two dozen correspondents from all of TIME's U.S. news bureaus.

The "interdisciplinary" approach, which we have used before on major projects, seemed especially necessary in this case. Says Loeb: "From the way traffic moves through a city to the price of oil and food, the problem of land use has something to do with everyone in America."

Ralph P. Davidson

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With its graceful, flowing lines of steel and glass, the Harbor Point condominium may well be the most beautiful building in all of Chicago.

But it's also a great deal more. The location, for example, is without parallel.

Overlooking the shores of Lake Michigan at a point where Randolph Street is being extended towards the lake, Harbor Point is only a short walk from North Michigan Avenue. Which means it's only moments away from shopping, restaurants, theatres, and just about anything else.

But there's more to the location than presently meets the eye. Harbor Point is within Illinois Center—a new 83 acre city within a city bordering on Michigan Avenue. Illinois Center is already well under construction, and well on its way to bringing a new feeling of growth and vitality to the downtown area.

Whatever your expectations, Harbor Point will hold no disappointments. The total attention to luxury, security, and convenience are complete to the ultimate detail.

If you are seriously considering a new place to live in Chicago, there is no acceptable alternative.

Harbor Point. A beautiful place to see and be seen. Convertible, one, two and three bedroom condominium homes priced from \$32,900 to \$127,000.

Harbor Point Information Pavilion, 155 North Michigan Ave. 565-1133. Opening October 14th, 1973. Daily 11 am-7 pm, Saturday and Sunday 12 pm-5 pm and by personal appointment. Prior to October 14th, call for private showing.

HARBOR POINT

The Beosystem 4000
Fine instruments
for the reproduction
of music

A quality stereo system must be much more than an assemblage of components that reproduce sound with some degree of fidelity.

A system must also be engineered so that all parts function as an integrated whole; the performance of each component having an exact relationship to that of the others. This concept of system development finds apt expression in the Beosystem 4000, a selection of components in fine balance, both electronically and aesthetically.

Bang & Olufsen

Excellence in engineering
Elegance in design
Two traditions from Denmark.



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FINE DINING

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DOWNTOWN

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THE CART—601 S. Wabash, 427 0700. Without question the finest U.S. prime steaks and roast beef anywhere! Free adjacent parking. Reservations recommended.

Standard American

THE PRESIDENTS—Bountiful lunch and dinner menus spiced with dishes prepared tableside. American regional specialties, great steaks & chops. Reservations. First Nat'l Bank Plaza, Dearborn & Monroe Sts. (312) 263-2323.

Standard American

DIAMOND JIM'S—163 N. Dearborn. For resw., call Jack, ST 2-4563. Luncheons served daily 11 to 4, dinners from 5 p.m. Banquet facilities available, private rooms for meetings or retirement parties. Piano bar. Entertainment nightly.

NEAR NORTH

French

MAXIM'S DE PARIS—Astor Tower Hotel, 1300 Astor Street, 943-1111. An authentic and elegant rendition of the famous Maxim's in Paris. The best classic French cooking in Chicago, with extensive wine list. Open for lunch Mon-Sat., for dinner and dancing every night.

Greek

THE TABERNA—303 E. Ohio. The most attractive Greek restaurant in town where the old world meets the new. Superb Greek food in authentic Greek surroundings. Mon-Sat. 7 a.m.-midnight. 329-0262.

Italian

PASTA-VINO—Playboy Towers Hotel. Superb Italian cuisine in an intimate setting. Closed Sunday. Reservations requested. PL 1-8100.

Steaks

EMBERS ON DEARBORN-EMBERS ON WALTON. Nationally known for prime ribs of beef, steaks. Piano bar. From 5 p.m. 1034 N. Dearborn, 664-1458; 67 E. Walton, 944-1105.

Italian, Standard American

COMO INN—546 N. Milwaukee. Since 1924 one of Chicago's most popular restaurants with intimate dining, charming decor and excellent food. Extensive selection of authentic regional Italian sauces with imported pasta, exquisite veal dishes, great lobsters and steaks. Open every day 11:30 to midnight. Reservations 421-5222. Free parking.

French, Continental

THE RED CARPET—28 W. Elm, 664-2788. Fabulous French Continental cuisine, imaginatively prepared. Prix fixe menu, dinners only. Entertainment.

Steaks

AL FARRER'S STEAK ROOM—Winner of ten national awards for prime steaks & eye of the rib. Closed Sundays. FARRER'S OTHER SIDE, casual dining, bar, antiques for sale, very unique, 2300 Lincoln Park West, 525-7375. Doozerman, Parking.



Steaks

RON OF JAPAN—2 to E. Ontario St. 644-6500. Superb aged prime steaks prepared teppan style on your heated table, along with egg yolk covered shrimp, mushroom omelet appetizers, delicious vegetable mixtures and bean sprouts. Exceptionally adequate dinners. A fun place. 5 p.m. to 12 p.m., 7 days. Coat & tie. A.D.

French, Standard American

LE PUB—1936 N. Clark St., 337-1922. Magnificent French decor. Hamburgers, fondue, salad bar, steak Diane, etc. Unlimited wine. Live dance music six nights in lounge. Monday—comedy showcase. Sunday brunch, 11-3 with 18 piece band from 2-6. Outside garden. Open noon-4 a.m. Lunch and dinner, noon-2:30 a.m.

NORTH

German

BROWN BEAR REST.—6118 N. Clark. Start. Sept. 26 for four weeks, Oktoberfest Bavarian beer festival, lots of fun and special shows nightly. Beer garden decor. Resw. a must 274-1200.

French

LA FONTAINE—2442 N. Clark, Mon-Sat. 5:30-10:30. Chgo. guide: "Impeccable service, exquisite decor, excellent food..." Extensive wine list. Parking. 525-1800.

Peruvian

PIQUEO—5427 N. Clark, Mon-Sat., 3-10:30. Delicious, unique cuisine for the gourmet is presented here with devotion. Bring your own wine. Resw. 769-0455.

Standard American

VITTLES RESTAURANT—2942 N. Clark, Steaks, Chops, Sea Food, & Game Poultry. Daily. American wines, Cocktails, informal 549-2060. Famous for Sat. & Sun. Brunch.

NORTHWEST

German, Standard American

THE RED STAR INN—4179 W. Irving Pk., 286-7788. Well prepared American and German cuisine. Portions generally huge; prices generally quite reasonable, including the thoughtful wine list. German dishes include Zwiebfleisch au Gratin, Wienerschnitzel, assorted Wurst, Sauerkraut. Seven seafood choices plus chicken, ribs, prime rib, etc. Sat. & Sun. Brunch, Sun-Thurs., 11 a.m. to midnight; Fri-Sat., 11 a.m. to 2 a.m.

Greek

AMBROSIA RESTAURANT—2415 W. Lawrence, 334-6052. Every day 11:30 to 2 a.m. A touch of Greek cuisine, food fit for the Gods.

Polynesian

SHANGHAI LIL'S—5415 N. Milwaukee Ave., 274-2600. Famous Polynesian Cantonese dining. Plus Sammu & Royal Hawaiian Hula Revue on stage. Famous Hawaii Open Buffet Tue. & Sun. \$3.95. Open Tue. thru Sat. at 5 p.m. Sunday at 1 p.m.

SUBURBAN-NORTH

Continental

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Standard American, Continental

THE PYRENEES—10035 Skokie Blvd., Skokie, OR 3-3131. 7 days. Superb dining and cocktails in elegant old-world atmosphere. 1 blk. N. of Old Orchard.

French

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Steaks

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Standard American

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NEAR WEST

Greek

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SOUTH

Standard American

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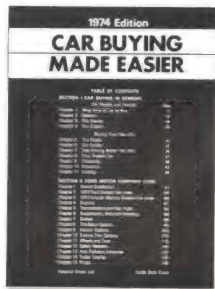
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revolutionary new way
to take flash pictures.**

All you do is trip the shutter, the flash does the rest. It sends light out to your subject and then automatically shuts itself off when the subject receives the exact amount of light necessary for the perfect exposure. And all this happens in less than 1/3000 of a second!



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It works for daylight photos, as well as indoors and nighttime. Many photographers use electronic flash to soften harsh shadows.

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It's one of more than 20 models that make up the world's most complete line of electronic flash equipment with prices starting under \$30. Honeywell, a leader in the electronic flash industry for more than 23 years, supports its complete line with a nationwide network of 10 service centers.

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Honeywell

The President's Real Estate

Sir / The number of White Houses ought to be reduced, not because they are so expensive and elaborate, but because they give us a nomadic President who migrates like a gypsy from Washington to Camp David to Key Biscayne to San Clemente and back again, absent too long and too often from the center of action in the nation's capital [Sept. 10]. Even if President Nixon had only wigwags at Key Biscayne and San Clemente, he would still be open to criticism on this score.

But as for how Mr. Nixon financed his purchases—TIME to the contrary notwithstanding—as long as nothing illegal was done, that is no more my business than it is Mr. Nixon's business how I finance my home.

I only wish that I had a few of the friends he has.

HUGO W. SCHROEDER SR.
Randallstown, Md.

Sir / It seems very odd that while the President is running around seeking some magical vista, we have to stay home and face our problems.

Yet by his actions or inactions, he is compounding our problems by not facing his.

DEWITT L. BROWN
Reno

Sir / When Bess Truman was living in the White House, she said, "It is an awful way to live." Most of us "humans" can understand why a President and his family need to get away from the Executive Mansion, but it seems Hugh Sidney is so conceited he thinks he could spend four years there, under stress and strain, without ever having to get away.

(MRS.) FLORENCE FOSH
Des Moines

Sir / In the world of real estate lending and borrowing, he who borrows money is the mortgagor and he who lends money is the mortgagee. Therefore, the title of your article should have read "Richard Nixon Mortgagor."

SUSAN C. WHITE
San Francisco

Sir / The "divine right" attitude of politicians at all levels has forced me to regard the form of government being practiced as a con game designed to dupe the American people. Yet your publication, along with others, is certainly not providing us with a credible source of objectivity.

In your cover story on Henry Kissinger [Sept. 3], your use of the adjective "expensive" in describing the bulletproof windscreen at San Clemente is nothing more than a cheap shot at Mr. Nixon.

I did not know they made "cheap" bulletproof windscreens.

THOMAS M. POLEN
University Heights, Ohio

The Unsurprising Poll

Sir / I am astonished that TIME is astonished by the fact that 45% of the people polled by Yankelovich thought President Nixon had prior knowledge of the Watergate break-in despite total lack of evidence of such prior knowledge [Sept. 10]. The overwhelming preponderance of news-media treatment of the Watergate situation has been based on the assumption of wholesale guilt and massive cover-up by everyone in-

If you think
Breakfast of Champions
is a cereal...



T.H. White is
a decorator
color...



...Sybil is a talk show
hostess and The Hollow Hills
is a new singles' resort...



you'd better join the Literary Guild. Quick.

0225. BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS
Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
(Pub. edition, \$7.95)

0745. THE MAKING OF
THE PRESIDENT 1972
Theodore H. White.
(Pub. edition, \$6.95)

0750. SYBIL
Flora Rheta Schreiber.
(Pub. edition, \$8.95)

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LETTERS

involved. The press has performed nobly in its obligation to expose; it has performed badly in its obligation to inform.

JAMES G. TRASTANT
Columbus, Neb

The Acceptability of Grass

Sir / I dearly adore logic such as that expressed in "Grass Grows More Acceptable" by Florida Circuit Court Judge Edward Cowart: "Authorities say they have yet to find someone on the hard stuff who didn't start with marijuana" [Sept. 10].

Personally, I've never come across an alcoholic—or a drug addict or a car thief—who didn't start by drinking milk in his childhood.

Perhaps the real sources of evil in our society are dairy farmers and the La Leche League.

JUDITH MURPHY
Norman, Okla

Sir / I would like to add my endorsement to the legalization of marijuana in this country.

While many drug addicts may have started with pot, my personal acquaintance with marijuana users suggests that they stand in roughly the same relation to hard-core addicts as beer drinkers do to acute alcoholics.

If anything, crackdowns on pot lead to a shift toward greater usage of less bulky and more potent, dangerous and easily concealed drugs.

ALBERT T. LUNDI
Chicago

Sir / Drug pushers, like all profiteers, zealously promote their more expensive lines of merchandise. If marijuana were sold on the open market, a large percentage of users would no longer have to come into contact with these not-so-hidden persuaders.

(MRS.) SANDRA P. KROEGER
Birmingham

Sir / The Rockefeller law on drugs in New York has been criticized as unworkable. Nevertheless, it is an attempt to prevent the destruction of a portion of American youth by hard drugs.

A nation of people—rich or poor, black or white—who refuse to protect their young must be labeled cowards, not civilized human beings.

Even the most primitive animal protects his young.

F. I. COLE JR., M.D.
St. Petersburg, Fla

Misunderstood Sentence

Sir / I am writing to correct a significant error concerning the President in your article "Confused Alarms of Struggle" [Sept. 17]. The error was particularly important because it was repeated widely over the weekend by the national news services and the broadcast media.

The TIME article stated that the President "said that he had listened to only two of the controversial tapes," whereas information given to the Senate committee by Presidential Assistant Steve Bull indicated that he had listened to at least eight or ten tapes. There was a picture of Bull captioned "Contradicting the Boss."

What the President actually said was "The only time I listened to the tapes, to certain tapes—and I didn't listen to all of them, of course—was on June 4." (Presidential press conference, Sept. 5.)

That's confusion of the words "to" and "two" is perhaps understandable, but since this was the key element for the story in-

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885	5:35 pm	7:36 pm	747	O'Hare
459	7:15 pm	9:15 pm	707	O'Hare
193	12:35 am	2:36 am	707	O'Hare

To San Francisco



Flight	Leave	Arrive	Plane	Airport
265	9:00 am	11:17 am	707	O'Hare
213	1:15 pm	3:27 pm	747	O'Hare
215	4:55 pm	7:10 pm	707	O'Hare
47	7:15 pm	9:37 pm	707	O'Hare

To San Diego



Flight	Leave	Arrive	Plane	Airport
277	9:15 am	11:18 am	707	O'Hare
223	1:00 pm	2:51 pm	727	O'Hare
109	5:30 pm	7:27 pm	DC-10	O'Hare

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LETTERS

vowing the President shouldn't Tim have taken the simple step of checking the press conference transcript?

RONALD L. ZIEGLER
Press Secretary to the President
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Useless Knowledge

Sir / Re "Topical Diagnoses" [Sept. 3], asking a person questions about current events to determine brain damage is about as useful as diagnosing the damage by following the advice of a fortune cookie.

My husband was injured in a fall on May 19. The neurologist asked him the names of the mayor of Los Angeles and the Vice President of the U.S. He answered correctly. On June 1 he was rushed to a second hospital where a craniotomy was performed. He had a blood clot on the brain.

He is well now, but with no thanks to the hospital and the doctor who asked him topical questions. I have seen the agony resulting from knowing who Spiro Agnew is.

OWEN DAVIS
Los Angeles

Bravo, Walter Cronkite!

Sir / Your article on Cronkite [Sept. 10] pleased me very much. I've grown up watching "Walter." Any news commentator who is able to hold a young child's interest deserves to be on TV as long as he damned well pleases. Bravo, Walter!

(MRS.) HELEN BERGER
Wilmington, Del.

Sir / We thoroughly enjoyed your Cronkite feature.

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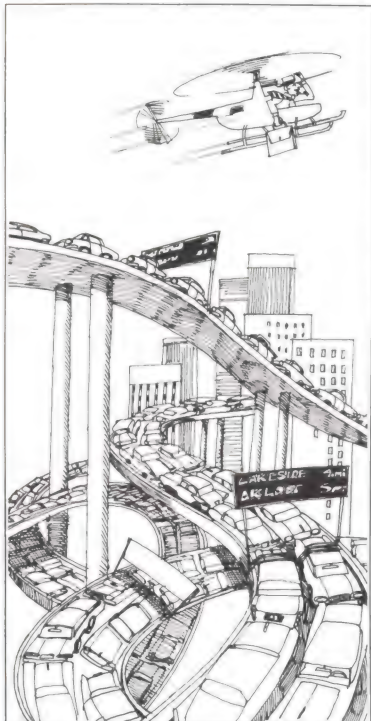
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In our current drive to get lending institution executives to change just a few of their habit patterns, we suggested—for example—that a new method of going to and from work might be very stimulating.

As you can see, loan officer Scott took us seriously. And we do admire his spirit.

He's probably the type of fellow who refuses to get into a rut. Such as always sending the title order to the same title company that issued the last title insurance on the property.

And fortunately that's a rut he can avoid very readily. Because there are two title insurance companies in greater Chicago, U.S. And the other one.

We're Pioneer National Title Insurance, A Tigor Company. Two of our sister Tigor companies are Title Insurance and Trust on the West Coast and Title Guarantee of New York. Together, we know more about title insurance than anybody.

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As a result, we have a service advantage—or two. Such as a speedier response time. And a more readable, more detailed title report. Still, it's taken some time to break the habit pattern of the lending institutions in Chicago. We understand that.

But with men like loan officer Scott on our team, things are definitely—looking up.



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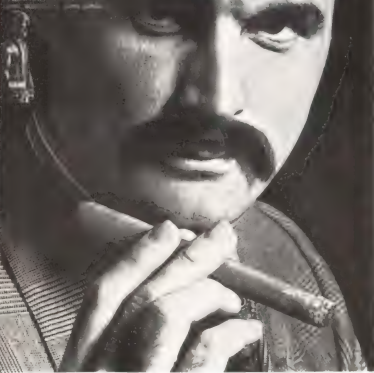
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LETTERS

kite has never violated our trust: this name cannot be said of the politicians who run this country.

ROBERT T. LIDER
National President
The Walter Cronkite Fan Club
Skokie, Ill.

Sir / Walter Cronkite is my father figure. I think he is terrific.

MARY J. WHITEHIRE
Atlanta

The Untrimmable Bureaucrats

Sir / "The Prospering Bureaucrats" (Aug. 27) is an ill-advised choice of phrase unless you are prepared to defend its authenticity. As a matter of fact, no career civil service employee in America is suffering from a surfeit of "prosperity" in these or any other times. On the contrary, authoritative wage surveys have repeatedly shown that when viewed alongside his counterparts in private industry, he is on the wrong side of the stick at every turn.

And what is a bureaucrat? A Customs Service border guard risking his life daily in the war against drugs and contraband? A Veterans Administration nurse laboring to restore the nation's Viet Nam wounded to health? The Forest Service fire fighter breathing smoke in Oregon and California at this very hour? A cancer researcher? The FDA technician whose revelations on thalidomide saved untold numbers of unborn babies from hideous disfigurement? The clerk who dispatches a Social Security payment to a senior citizen in your own family? Which of these bureaucrats would you trim from the federal payroll?

SAHANT I. WOLKOFF
President
National Federation of
Federal Employees
Washington, D.C.

Freedom to Work

Sir / It was fitting that your Labor Day isue highlighted the current struggle between the United Farm Workers (AFL-CIO) and the corporate growers and Teamsters in California [Sept. 3]. The deplorable working conditions prevalent among the migrant farm workers call for a united stand for what is right and just, so that men are free to work without being exploited.

The farm workers' boycott of lettuce and grapes is an effective way for Americans to be with the poor people in their struggle for economic justice and dignity.

SISTER MARY L. KELLY
Newton, Mass.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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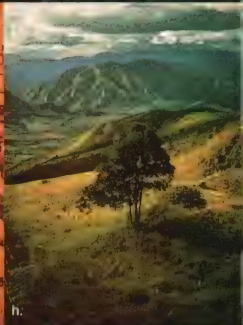
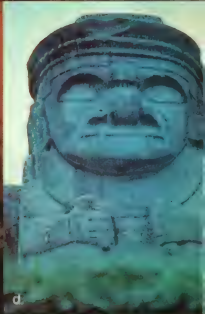
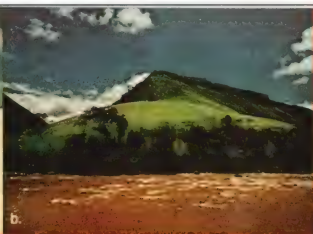
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a. The island of San Andrés, one of numerous islands, at the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico. b. The volcano, Mt. Popocatepetl, 14,765 feet high, is an active volcano near the border to Mexico. c. Fortress San Felipe in the Spanish Main, one of the Spanish Main, one of the Spanish Main, one of the Spanish Main. d. One of the 4,000 stone faces carved by the Aztecs in the Spanish Main. e. A view of the 4,000 stone faces carved by the Aztecs in the Spanish Main. f. A view of the 4,000 stone faces carved by the Aztecs in the Spanish Main. g. The old town of Puerto Viejo, one of the Spanish Main. h. A view of the 4,000 stone faces carved by the Aztecs in the Spanish Main.

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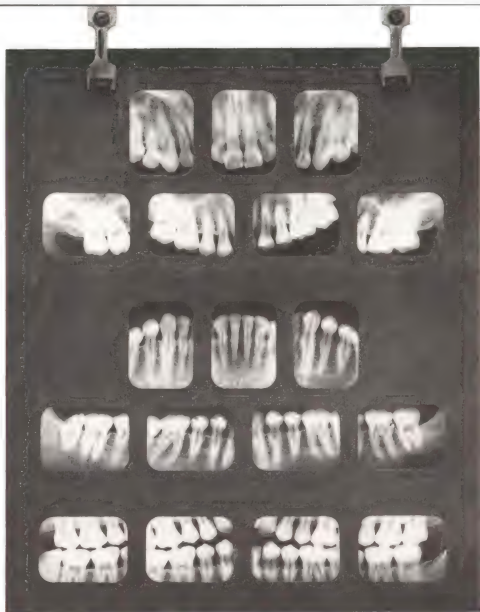
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THE TRAVELERS

AMERICAN NOTES

Honesty Redeemed

The price for telling the truth in Government can be inordinately high, as A. Ernest Fitzgerald, a onetime civilian cost analyst for the Air Force, found out. After Fitzgerald disclosed to a subcommittee of the Joint Economic Committee in November 1968 that cost overruns on the giant C-5A cargo plane added up to a phenomenal \$2 billion, his days at the Pentagon were numbered. His Air Force superiors, Fitzgerald claims, did not applaud his frankness before Congress. He was cut off from cost information about major weapons systems, an investigation of his private life was initiated, laudatory comments were excised from his record before it was turned over to Congress, and finally in January 1970 his position as Deputy for Management Systems was abolished.

Last week Fitzgerald's misfortunes were finally reversed, when a civil service appeals examiner reinstated him, ruling that his dismissal was "improperly" labeled an economy move when it was in fact "purely personal." In addition, Fitzgerald was awarded \$130,000 in back pay, though he says the money "won't come close to paying for all that was done to me." How will he feel back at the old job? "I intend to go back and approach it with an open mind. Many of the people there are new. The people who hated me most are gone," said Fitzgerald. "I have unfinished business in the Pentagon."

For a Life-Size Presidency

The presidency, said Minnesota Senator Walter F. Mondale last week, has become "larger than life and larger than the law." In a direct challenge to President Nixon's view, Mondale insisted in a major Senate speech that the people "want desperately to uncover the lessons of Watergate."

Immediate governmental reforms, he went on, would help considerably. But at the heart of the offenses issuing from Watergate, Mondale declared, is the disproportionately large role the presidency has come to play in all the affairs of Government. "We need a life-size presidency," he said, "with its faults recognized, its virtues praised, and its interaction with Congress and the courts one of mutual respect." How to scale down the scope of the presidency without impairing the necessary powers of the office? Mondale, who has presidential aspirations of his own for '76, suggested appointment of a presidential commission to study the problem. Such commissions historically have been short on answers, but Mondale has surely posed some of the right questions.

Say Hey, So Long

It was the last contest of the 1954 World Series, and the New York Giants had a deciding 3-0 edge in games over the Cleveland Indians. Cleveland had two outs and a man on third when the batter drove a long fly ball to deep center field. Willie Mays made one of his patented "basket" catches. Thinking

there was only one out, he then wound up and fired a perfect strike to Catcher Wes Westrum at home plate in hopes of catching the runner trying for home (who was already dejectedly trotting toward the dugout). A Cleveland sports-writer turned to the boys in the press box and said: "Well, we've finally found Mays' weakness. He can't count!"

True. There were no weaknesses in Willie Mays' career except a refusal to count the years. But last week he had to add up 42 of them, complete with fluid-swollen knees that had to be drained almost daily, an agonizing shoulder that would not let him throw, aching ribs that barely permitted him to breathe. "Maybe I'll cry tomorrow," Mays said, but he finally decided to hang it up after 22 resplendent years in baseball.

Mays was the last of the superstars who could do everything with consummate grace and skill. It was only fitting that he wind up his career with the Mets in New York, where two generations of ghetto kids have practiced basket catches and echoed his favorite cry, "Say hey!" through the streets of Harlem. Willie Mays, season after luminous season, made myths come alive and heroes, American-style, believable.

But He Sounded Perfectly Clear

Dwight Dobbs, 41, owner of an office supply company in Urbana, Ill., got so tired of Watergate and what he considered disrespect toward the President by the news media that he rented three billboards that read: "I have more faith in this man... than I have in any of his accusers... especially the press." Dobbs was rewarded with the thrill of his life. The phone rang, a male voice announced, "This is the White House switchboard," and told him to hold on for the President. Then that most familiar of voices came on and chatted with Dobbs for fifteen minutes.

The euphoric Dobbs was the lion of Urbana for two days. Then the bottom dropped out. The Associated Press telephoned him to say that it had checked with the White House and found that Nixon had made no such call. Dobbs, who maintains that every inflection of the famous voice was perfectly clear, called Deputy Press Secretary Gerald Warren to confirm the report. No, Warren said, the President had not called, but added that Nixon did indeed thank him for his support. Further consolation came last week in the form of personal letters from both Richard and Pat. But the phantom mimic is still at large.

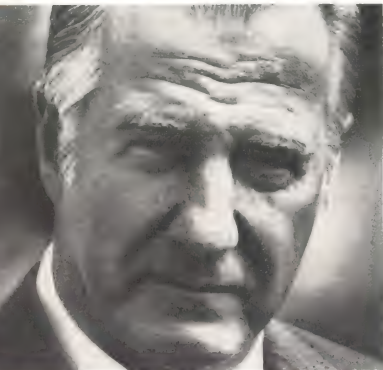
BILLBOARD PUT UP BY NIXON BOOSTER DWIGHT DOBBS ON HIGHWAY IN CHAMPAIGN, ILL.



**I HAVE MORE FAITH
IN THIS MAN...
THAN I HAVE IN ANY
OF HIS ACCUSERS...
ESPECIALLY THE PRESS.**

DWIGHT DOBBS A PROUD
AMERICAN
CITIZEN

Agnew's Agony: Fighting for Survival



In the most trying and tumultuous week of his political life, Spiro Agnew suddenly decided to seek a brief respite in a little afternoon tennis. He asked his press secretary to join him. "Fine," replied Marsh Thomson, "but I'll have to go home and get my gear." Lugging his bag, Thomson arrived back at the Executive Office Building just before 4 o'clock only to find his boss unexpectedly engaged. In the corridor outside Richard Nixon's first-floor hideaway office, he recognized two of the Secret Servicemen assigned to Agnew. The President and the Vice President were having a talk. The two men met alone for an hour and a half and emerged only after agreeing to tell no one what they discussed. Agnew seemed discouraged as he left, a fact that Thomson found completely understandable. "It's a rough ball game," he said, "and the slings and arrows are coming hot and heavy."

The Nixon-Agnew meeting added velocity to the tornado of speculation, rumor, charge and countercharge sweeping through Washington. With a federal grand jury in Baltimore poised to hear evidence against Agnew of bribes, extortion and kickbacks dating from his days as a Maryland official, with almost daily fresh revelations of perhaps not illegal but certainly improper gifts of cash, goods and services to Agnew, the crisis seemed close to some kind of explosive resolution. One ver-

sion had it that Agnew was about to resign and fight his case as a private citizen, another that Nixon was twisting the screws to persuade him to resign, a third that the Vice President was desperately trying to make a deal with Attorney General Elliot Richardson's Justice Department—and ultimately, of course, with the White House—to resign in exchange for having the case against him dropped.

TIME has learned that the third version is the accurate one, and moreover that the deal fell through. According to sources close to the case, triangular negotiations took place between Agnew representatives and officials in the White House and the Justice Department. What Agnew's men proposed was a simple exchange. If he stepped down as Vice President, the Government would not attempt to prosecute him. Richardson's aides were willing to entertain a bargain. What Agnew wanted was of course not possible, they said, but would Agnew be willing to plead guilty to a single charge in the case? In turn, the department was prepared to urge the courts to be lenient with the Vice President after his resignation.

Agnew eventually rejected that offer, unwilling to settle for anything less than complete amnesty as the price of yielding office. But the bargaining, say these sources, accounted for the mysterious delay in presenting the Agnew ev-

idence to the grand jury after Richardson had decided that that was the inescapable course of action and had so notified Agnew. All parties to the secret negotiations denied that any such talks had taken place.

But it is difficult in Washington for any major maneuvering ever to be kept totally secret, and enough fragments kept leaking out to make it as wild and woolly—particularly woolly—a week as the capital has known.

The latest round in the Agnew crisis began with a story by the Washington *Post* quoting an unnamed "senior Republican figure" as saying that he came away from more than two hours of conversation with Agnew "99½% certain he will resign—and probably this week." The *Post* gave the story an eight-column banner headline, but its punch came from the fact that it was written by David S. Broder. A Pulitzer prize-winner, Broder not only has excellent Agnew sources—he was the first to say that Nixon was considering the little-known Maryland Governor as his running mate in 1968, but he is also one of the most highly respected political reporters in town, a man known for his careful checking of sources.

No Comment. Rumors soon spread that Senator Barry Goldwater was the source for Broder's story and that the White House was naming the Senator, but Goldwater emphatically denied the charge. "You won't believe this," Goldwater told one of Agnew's aides, "but as fast as my staff can put out denials, somebody at the White House spreads the word that I was the source."

Because Goldwater commands immense prestige among conservative Republicans, some of Agnew's staffers understandably began to suspect that the White House engaged in a little Machiavellianism to force the Vice President to resign. This theory was reinforced by a story in the New York *Times* the following day asserting that some high-ranking White House officials—again unnamed—had been saying that "it might be best for Vice President Agnew to resign and allow President Nixon to choose a new Vice President."

Reporters sought Agnew for confirmation, setting up ambushes for him whenever he appeared in public. But Agnew stuck by his oft-enunciated rule never to comment on any report that did not name the source, and indeed refused comment on anything all week.

That, however, did not inhibit the combative Victor Gold, Agnew's former press secretary and still a close associate. Gold put the blame for the stories squarely on Alexander Haig and Melvin Laird, Nixon's two top aides, who he said were following a familiar White House pattern in trying to undermine



THE AGNEWS ARRIVE AT THE WHITE HOUSE TO ATTEND THE FORMAL STATE DINNER FOR PAKISTAN'S PRIME MINISTER ALI BHUTTO
"The President needs me at the White House. It's autumn, you know, and the leaves need raking."

the Vice President as Nixon's most likely successor in 1976. Said Gold: "First we had Haldeman and Ehrlichman; now we have Haig and Laird; next we'll have Sonny and Cher."

When both Haig and Laird denied that they were the sources for the Agnew-is-going stories, newsmen turned to Deputy White House Press Secretary Gerald Warren to find out the thinking of the President. What Warren did not say turned out to be as valuable a clue as what he did say. As the President's diligent echo, Warren could have rescued Agnew from his humiliation by merely giving the slightest sign of support. Instead, Warren had "no comment" to questions about Broder's story in the *Post*, with one notable exception. He did say that the President stood by his Sept. 5th press-conference statement about Agnew, but that made things even worse for Agnew: Nixon had then been extraordinarily careful to say only that he had confidence in the "Vice President's integrity during the period that he has served as Vice President and during which I have known him." Omitted was any endorsement of the pre-1968 Agnew, when he was Governor of Maryland or Baltimore county executive.

Agnew's allies could perhaps be forgiven if, as John Ehrlichman described the White House treatment of Acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray, they suspected the Vice President was being allowed to twist slowly, slowly in the wind. As Gold was quick to point out, Nixon had been much more effusive in his praise of the disgraced and departed Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman. The President said that by accepting their resignations he was implying no wrongdoing on their part, and called them "two of the finest public servants it has been my privilege to know."

Why should the White House want Agnew to resign? The more suspicious of Agnew's beleaguered band of staffers cited four possible reasons:

► To allow the President to give

John Connally a head start toward becoming his successor, by naming him as the new Vice President (subject to congressional approval under the 25th Amendment).

► To eliminate the need for Richardson to resolve the perplexing constitutional question of whether or not Agnew would have to be impeached before he could be indicted.

► To lessen the pressure on Nixon to resign if the Watergate scandal worsens. Having gone through one traumatic resignation, runs the argument, the nation would have less will for a second.

► To draw attention away from Nixon and his own troubles. "Three weeks ago, the country was talking about the President resigning," says Gold, "and now they're talking about the Vice President resigning. Some people may think that's a coincidence. Some people might think storks bring babies. I'm not that naive."

But Nixon may have a much less Machiavellian reason for wanting Ag-

new to quit. The Vice President's thrashings are scarcely contributing to the President's efforts to re-establish trust in his Administration in the wake of all the Watergate revelations. Agnew is a distraction and an embarrassment, and could be far worse if guilty. With access to the solid case against Agnew that the Justice Department believes it has, Nixon may well be convinced of Agnew's guilt and feel that he should be ousted sooner rather than later. Agnew may have privately resisted such suggestions from Nixon, and thus Nixon, even as Agnew's staff charges, is now trying to use public pressure to force Agnew out.

The clamor reached such a point that Nixon Spokesman Warren was forced to assert that no one in the White House was trying to push Agnew to resign. Indeed, it could be argued that while Nixon might very well like to be rid of the Agnew problem, it was by no means certain that he wanted to get rid of Agnew. Dumping the Vice President simply made no political sense, Nixon



"Doesn't anybody believe anyone in this Administration any more? No, I'm not leaving!"

aides kept insisting. After all, the President had twice picked Agnew as his running mate. Said one aide: "Let's face it; if Agnew goes down the tube, that rubs off on the old man too."

But on balance, whatever reluctance the President might feel about getting rid of Agnew, he had scarcely demonstrated it very convincingly.

In a week of ardent speculation, even Agnew himself did not escape consideration as the source of the resignation reports. He might simply have been seeking opinions, in Nixon's own devil's-advocate style, from a colleague who mistook his manner. On Aug. 15 in Denver, Agnew asked Republican National Committeeman Bill Daniels pointblank whether he should resign. (Says Daniels: "My direct answer to him was that if you're guilty you've got a problem, but if you're innocent, I would fight it to my dying day.") Or the report could have stemmed from a fleeting mood, his aides suggested. On more than one occasion, Agnew has been known, after a bad round on the course, to toss his clubs in a corner and darkly vow never to play golf again.

Saddened Man. Whatever the origin of the resignation rumor, it quickly developed a momentum of its own, building up a drumbeat of pressure on Agnew beyond the immediate exigencies of his situation. When Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter phoned Agnew to encourage his old friend, he found himself talking to a weary and saddened man. Reported Carter: "He said that he and his family were under tremendous pressure and that he felt like he was fighting a division with a platoon."

Even a natural political enemy came to Agnew's defense. Declared Democratic Senator Edward Kennedy: "The deliberate campaign of abuse to which he is being subjected should be ended now. The White House and the Department of Justice have an obligation of fundamental fairness to the Vice President to let the investigation take its course, free of the pervasive current atmosphere of a kangaroo trial by 'undisclosed sources.' Vice President Agnew has conducted himself with dignity in recent weeks. He deserves the nation's respect for his demeanor in this unprecedented situation."

Agnew did his determined best to carry on his personal and official life just as before. It was his wife who most showed the strain. Judy Agnew is a quiet, unassuming woman who never wanted to enter the minefields of politics. Unlike Pat Nixon, who has been steeled by many crises in the past, Mrs. Agnew is experiencing her first ordeal. For the first time she has been confronted by reporters demanding, "Is your husband going to resign?" Calmly, she answered, "You'll have to ask my husband."

She carried off most of the week very well, but then she was jolted by one of those sharp little rebuffs that showed how the President was keeping his public distance from his Vice President. At

Impeaching a Veep: The Colfax Case

The leaders of the House of Representatives last week were quietly preparing for the worst: that the case of Spiro Agnew will be handed to them to consider impeachment proceedings against the Vice President. The contingency planning actually began well before Agnew's difficulties were known, when the possibility, however unlikely, first loomed during Watergate that the President himself might be impeachable. Months ago New Jersey's Peter Rodino Jr., chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, put three of his staff to work researching the procedures of impeachment. Speaker of the House Carl Albert and the leadership discussed whether a special committee should be

Speaker of the House, before becoming Ulysses S. Grant's Vice President.

In 1872, while Vice President, he was accused by House investigators of having taken a bribe during his tenure as Speaker by accepting 20 shares of stock in the infamous Credit Mobilier of America, a company organized to build the first transcontinental railroad—with millions of dollars in Government subsidies. To prevent an investigation of their enormous profits—dividends in 1868 alone amounted to almost 350% of the original investment—some directors of the company protectively placed shares among friendly Congressmen. Before a House investigating committee, Colfax unconvincingly denied that his stock was intended as a bribe. The committee then also discovered that he had accepted a campaign gift of \$4,000 in 1868 from a contractor who had supplied envelopes to the Government at a time when Colfax was chairman of the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads.



VICE PRESIDENT COLFAX (1823-85)

created or, as has been the practice in the past, the Judiciary Committee should first act on a motion from the floor to impeach the President. In the end, they decided to let the Judiciary Committee handle it, and Rodino and his staff now stand ready to begin proceedings within 24 hours should the need arise.

Those forms would also apply to handling the Agnew case, but there are some important differences of substance, reports TIME Correspondent Neil MacNeil. Whereas any conceivable misdeeds that could bring Nixon to impeachment took place while he was President, what is known of the Agnew charges largely deal with actions that occurred before he became Vice President. There is a solid precedent that such prior offenses may not be grounds for impeachment.

That precedent is the 19th century case of Schuyler ("Smiler") Colfax, a politician from Indiana so famous for his public piety that he was also nicknamed "the Christian Statesman." Colfax served as a U.S. Representative from 1855 to 1869, including seven years as

Faced with such overwhelming evidence of misconduct, the House Judiciary Committee investigated whether the House should impeach Colfax. The question was posed thus by the committee: "What is the nature and what the objects of impeachment under our Constitution? Are they punitive or remedial? Or, in other words, is impeachment a constitutional remedy for removing obnoxious persons from an office, and preventing their again filling office, or a power given for punishing an officer, while he is an officer, for some crime alleged to have been committed by him before he was such an officer?"

The committee concluded that impeachment was intended by the Constitution not as a way to punish malefactors, but only to remove a man from an office he has abused while occupying it. Since whatever crime Colfax had committed occurred while he was Speaker, he could not be impeached.

A century later that case is being applied to Agnew's situation by Speaker Albert and other House leaders, as well as by House Parliamentarian Lewis Deschler. They have not finally resolved the question, but their present feeling is that Agnew cannot be impeached for what he did as executive of Baltimore County or Governor of Maryland, perhaps even if he continued to receive deferred payments while Vice President for deals made earlier. Only if the evidence should show that he, for example, took a bribe in return for some vice-presidential act or favor could he be impeached. That line of logic gives a new perspective to the expected arguments of Agnew's lawyers that he cannot be indicted unless first impeached and removed from office.



AGNEW ATTORNEYS JUDAH BEST, JAY TOPKIS & MARTIN LONDON
Seeking a constitutional defense for the Vice President.

a White House dinner for Pakistani Prime Minister Ali Bhutto, the Agnews were swiftly ushered out of camera range into the East Room instead of waiting, as usual, for the Nixons to descend the curving staircase. When the Agnews joined the Nixons and the Bhuttos at the head table that night, the strain showed on Judy Agnew's usually smiling, round face.

Ready to Argue. In this kind of atmosphere, the humor, understandably, was either black or a very dark shade of gray. At a party at the home of Peter Malatesta, Agnew's political handyman, the pianist glided into an old favorite—"Don't throw bouquets at me... Don't laugh at my jokes too much..." Listening, Murray Chotiner, Nixon's longtime adviser, took the cigar out of his mouth and cracked: "That's the Vice President singing to the President." Malatesta, the nephew of Bob Hope, quickly whispered into the ear of the pianist, who then swung into *Getting to Know You*. "And that," said Malatesta, "is the President singing to the Vice President."

While Agnew kept his counsel, the men around him kept passing the word that the Vice President would not quit under fire—it just was not his nature. Indeed, as the week went on, Agnew seemed to be physically bracing himself for a fight. His face, always angular, took on a new grimace, and his eyes, always narrow when he is angry, became tight slits.

Legally, Agnew could fight an indictment for any possible transgressions so much more effectively as Vice President than it made no sense for him to resign unless he could have engineered a deal. The President could not force him to quit; he had been elected by the voters just as Nixon had.

What is more, Agnew has had a team of attorneys preparing to fight the grand jury's investigation. The team is headed by Judah Best, a former Assistant U.S. Attorney who now practices in Washington. Assisting Best are Mar-

tin London and Jay Topkis, two lawyers from the New York firm of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison. Agnew's lawyers argue that the Vice President cannot be indicted for anything he did unless he is first removed from office by being impeached by the House of Representatives and found guilty by the Senate.

Should Agnew succeed in persuading the courts that he cannot be indicted before he is impeached, an odd impasse might ensue. The Democratic leadership of the House of Representatives is by no means sure it can impeach Agnew for offenses committed before he became Vice President (see page 151). If that proves so, in theory at least, Agnew could escape both being indicted in Maryland—if the courts ruled that he could not be tried while a Vice President—and being impeached on the Hill. But if the evidence against him is truly compelling, that logic would not

likely be allowed to stand, for he would then surely have to resign as Vice President—and thereby become indictable.

In the dark of these nights, a part of Agnew must be tempted to quit. He realizes that he is an embarrassment to the White House. He knows that he has all but lost his chance to be the Republican candidate in 1976. And he must be tired of being humiliated by the President. Back in 1971, Agnew felt so strongly about his poor relationship with his remote boss and about the snubs of Ehrlichman and Haldeman, that he talked privately to friends about resigning then and there. The reason he stayed on is that he was convinced it would appear he was quitting so as not to risk the humiliation of having Connally replace him on the ticket in 1972.

Fresh Charges. One of his main jobs for Nixon—running the Office of Intergovernmental Relations, which handles White House liaison with Governors and mayors—was taken away from him in January. His staff was brusquely cut by 23%. He feels so ill at ease presiding over the Senate—his chief task as laid down in the Constitution—that this year he has been in the chair only 2% of the time the Senate has been in session. One bitter quote sums up Agnew's unhappiness in his job. "The President needs me at the White House," he once remarked, excusing himself from a meeting. "It's autumn, you know, and the leaves need raking."

Amid everything else, fresh allegations of misdeeds continued to appear. The Washington Post reported yet a new scandal—a Maryland engineering consultant named Lester Matz, an old friend of Agnew's and a man also under investigation, was said to have admitted giving Agnew \$25,000 over the years. TIME learned of another complication for the Vice President from a close Agnew associate. According to the associate, campaign contributions accepted by Agnew when he was in Maryland politics were deposited in Agnew's personal bank accounts. Agnew reportedly insists that he did not use any of the money for personal purposes, but he does not have the canceled checks and receipts to prove that he turned it all over to his campaign committee. Agnew's attorneys vigorously deny the whole allegation, and the Justice Department refused to comment.

Can Agnew pull a Nixon? The leadership of the Democratic Party, which controls both the House and the Senate, has already thought through the procedures that would be followed if the Vice President goes. The 25th Amendment, ratified in 1967 to handle such emergencies, says only that "the President shall nominate a Vice President who shall take office upon confirmation by a majority of both houses of Congress." According to current plans, a committee in each chamber would conduct a hearing on the nomination calling witnesses for and against and questioning the nominee at length. Each



JUDY AGNEW LISTENS TO THE V.P.
Jolted by rebuffs.

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Kodak presents a whole new experience in home movie-making. We call it *The Talkies*. Now you can capture the laughter that goes with the smiling around your house, the squealing that goes with the horseplay. The words and music of life. And do it so easily, you're going to ask, "Why didn't somebody think of this before?" We did. Making it easy is what took us so long.

The sound is recorded right in the camera.

No, we didn't leave anything out of the picture. What you see is all there is to the Ektasound movie camera. The recorder's tucked inside. It's activated by the same button that starts the film. And when the film

stops rolling, the recorder stops recording. Volume is controlled automatically by an "electric ear" that reads sound much the same way an electric eye reads light.

One film captures both sight and sound.



If you look closely at the film, you'll see two thin brown stripes running along the edges. The wider one is where the sound is recorded. Right beside the picture. Sight and sound stay together during processing and are returned to you perfectly synchronized.

The mike picks up sound all around.

A capable little microphone comes with the Ektasound movie camera—a microphone that's literally all ears. Technically speaking, it's "omnidirectional." That means you don't have to re-aim the mike every time you re-aim the camera. Just put it down and shoot all around.



And you don't need movie lights.

Inside the Ektasound movie camera beats the heart of a Kodak XL movie camera. It's got the same fast $f/1.2$ lens and light-gulping 230-degree shutter plus dual-vane exposure control. When you drop in a cartridge of new Kodak Ektachrome 160 sound movie film, you're ready to make *Talkies* just about anywhere—even indoors and at night—without movie lights. There's also a

new Kodachrome II sound movie film intended primarily for outdoor use.

New projectors give you reliable solid-state sound.

Quality is a major component of Ektasound movie projectors. Ease and versatility are standard equipment. With the Ektasound 235 projector, you get faithful sound and picture playback. With the Ektasound 245 projector, you not only get playback, but full recording capability that lets you add new sounds to the sound you already have.

One of the most important things for a sound projector to be is quiet.

When you're trying to hear your movies, the last thing you want to hear is your projector. That's why Ektasound movie projectors have been redesigned to run extremely quiet. In fact, they've been redesigned so much they don't even look like movie projectors—more



like tape decks with dust covers and wood panels. And, because most of us grow extra thumbs when threading film, Ektasound movie projectors have been fitted with a new, easy channel-threading system.

Once you've got the film threaded, prepare yourself for another surprise. There's a little mirror inside that flips one way or the other to let you show your movies two ways: out the front or out the back.

A word about the cost.

The word is reasonable. Ektasound movie cameras start at less than \$190 (model 140, illustrated, with zoom, less than \$275). Projectors are less than \$220; (model 245, shown above, has extra recording features and costs less than \$280). Because our new films capture both sight and sound, you can expect to pay a little more for them than for silent films.

Your photo dealer will be glad to show you *The Talkies* up close. But, until you watch those first frames of film roll through the projector and listen to your family and friends talk back to you from the screen, well, as the man said: "You ain't heard nothin' yet."

Prices subject to change without notice.

New Kodak Ektasound movie cameras and projectors. (Just ask for The Talkies.)





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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Feb. '73.

THE NATION

committee would report to its parent chamber, and then the House and Senate would take separate votes, the nominee needing at least 51% of the ballots in each case to be confirmed.

That seems simple enough, but the real question is what presidential nominee could get past both the House and Senate. The Democratic leaders would be willing to let Nixon name someone from his own party who reflected his thinking. But they are not yet ready to build a launching platform for a man likely to be a strong Republican presidential candidate himself in 1976—a man, say, like John Connally.

Call to Arms. To avoid a fight, Robert Strauss, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, said that he hoped that Nixon "would make a nonpresidential type of appointment," someone of elder-statesman status who would promise not to run in 1976. Indeed, the conjecture could be made—it was that kind of week—that Nixon would be wise to nominate a caretaker Vice President. If he named too strong a man, he might make it easier for Congress to impeach the President.

Some suggestions for "nonpresidential" Vice Presidents, discussed informally by Democrats: William P. Rogers, the recently resigned Secretary of State; John Sherman Cooper, former Senator from Kentucky; Gerald Ford, Republican leader in the House; and Barry Goldwater—who quickly said that he was not interested.

The strongest criticism of the arguments for installing a stopgap Vice President came from a politician who might have to face any major figure who was put in the job and then went on to run for the presidency. Yet he called for just that: a strong Nixon choice. Senator Kennedy, still the leader in the polls for the Democratic nomination in 1976 despite the lingering shadow of Chappaquiddick, declared: "We know the enormous burden the Vice President must bear [if] he accedes to the office of the President. The last thing the country needs is a caretaker Vice President, unable to enjoy the confidence of the country he may be called to lead."

As his week of ordeal drew to a close, Agnew was showing every sign of being determined to press rather than quit. Rebuffed by the White House and the Justice Department in his effort to strike a bargain, Agnew was planning to file suit this week to prevent the Government's grand jury from even hearing any evidence against him, on the constitutional ground that a Vice President is exempt from any phase of criminal proceedings until impeached.

This is the first step in what is likely to be a long and costly legal fight. To pay the bills, Agnew's office disclosed the formation of an "Agnew defense fund" that will collect contributions from friends and supporters. He might, of course, still resign suddenly, but it sounded like a call to arms from a man determined to fight.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDNEY

The Mood of the Capital

Some oldtimers say that it hasn't been this way since World War II, when shadowy figures moved up and down the Washington avenues, when Presidents and Vice Presidents and generals and diplomats rolled up their collars and scurried off into the night for secret meetings, carrying confidential proposals.

Maybe the Bay of Pigs was another such time, or the Cuban missile crisis. But then all of these episodes dealt with the national security and military moves.

Now, instead, we have a political crisis that has produced something of the same mood, something of the same kind of clandestine ballet. Baltimore Prosecutor George Beall sneaks over to Washington to confer. Agnew has a late-afternoon meeting with Nixon. There is the offer of a deal by Agnew to his own Government's Justice Department. Cox flits in and out of meetings with Wright & Co.

If the White House had hired Madison Avenue counsel to devise a script to humiliate Agnew and raise rumors that he might not be wanted any more, they couldn't have done it better. First, give a "No comment" to rumors of resignation. Then take that back but refuse to express total confidence. Then go back to "No comment." If it was not ineptitude, it was totally diabolical.

Up in Port Chester, N.Y., old John Connally met with the Republican liberal fat cats out in Westchester, listening to Art Buchwald do a commentary on the King-Riggs tennis match. They too seemed to be waiting, licking their chops.

Hill committees have begun studies of how to deal with a vice-presidential vacancy and nomination. Former Agnew associates are roaring publicly against the White House.

For a moment it doesn't seem like the United States of America, defender of the free world and strongest nation in the history of civilization. It becomes plain that Nixon can't go to Europe this fall as he wanted to. There are any number of reasons, but surely among them is the fact that his Government might come apart when he was gone. We have become something of a banana republic, with a weekly upheaval expected, anticipated and maybe even scheduled.

After a couple of weeks of renewed ceremonial prominence, it dawns on a lot of people that Richard Nixon is really not back to being President. Maybe he can't be. Maybe he is thinking and husbanding his energy for some new maneuver. But where is the President? Where is a clear voice, a firm decision on anything? Elliot Richardson is the steward of the big moral questions on Agnew and Watergate. Melvin Laird is promoting and pushing all the new contacts with the Congress, all the new laundry lists of legislation. And Henry Kissinger is the force in foreign policy, newly confirmed and already letting it be known he will go to work on the Arab-Israeli question. What we have now is not a presidency but a regency.

There is the feeling that events are crowding around the White House threshold and they will soon have to tumble out. The optimism of a few days ago that maybe Nixon had turned the corner and was starting out of his slump seems swept away now. There is Agnew looming large and the Watergate hearings resuming this week. There is the sense that maybe Nixon has not reached the end of his slide after all, that he is being swept along once again by events that cannot be foreseen or managed. There is Archie Cox and the vast court apparatus poised to spring. Who can calculate what Hunt or Liddy or Mitchell or Martha or Dean or Ehrlichman or Haldeman may say or do?

There are hints that people are far from being as turned off on Watergate as some suggest (although some must be), that they are beginning to realize more than ever the full dimensions of its profound and sinister threat to our system.

Richard Nixon's new crisis—and ours—may be growing again.



IN WHITE HOUSE LAST WEEK

WATERGATE

The Storms and Struggles Resume

For Richard Nixon, the lull in the Watergate tempest is over. This week Senator Sam Ervin's committee reopens its public hearings, and by next week the U.S. Court of Appeals in Washington will rule on whether the President must surrender his secret Watergate tapes to a federal grand jury. In addition, more indictments are expected shortly in connection with both the Watergate break-in and the burglary at the office of the psychiatrist of Pentagon Papers Defendant Daniel Ellsberg. Said one presidential adviser: "It's like sitting here waiting for 24,000 volts. You know it's coming, but you don't know when."

The most immediate source of difficulty for Nixon is the courts. Two weeks ago, the appeals court recommended that the White House and Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox seek a settlement in their fight over nine tape recordings of presidential conversations about Watergate. Despite three meetings totaling eight hours last week, the lawyers could not reach an agreement. TIME has learned that Nixon was willing to give Cox fairly detailed transcripts of the tapes, apparently because the President expects that a court decision might go against him, but continued to refuse to let the special prosecutor listen to the tapes themselves.

At first Presidential Counsel J. Fred Buzhardt offered Cox only written summaries of the tapes. They would contain brief snatches of direct quotes, but for the most part be limited to compilations by White House staffers of the substance of the conversations. Cox refused and, in turn, offered to excise profanity and other irrelevant material from any tape he listened to and decided should be sent to the grand jury.

Next Buzhardt offered Cox transcripts with portions not relevant to the Watergate investigation deleted by the White House. Again Cox refused, insisting that he or, at the very least, someone not employed by the Chief Execu-

utive be permitted to double-check the transcripts against the tapes. Finally both sides told the court that no out-of-court settlement was possible.

That set the stage for a court ruling either this week or next. It is expected to be in Cox's favor, and to be appealed to the Supreme Court after it reconvenes Oct. 1. Since that court will not reach a decision before hearing oral arguments, Cox is considering taking the unusual step of asking Congress for a special act to extend the 18-month life of his grand jury. It is scheduled to expire Dec. 4, but he wants to keep it in session until after the tapes battle has ended and all Watergate indictments have been voted on.

No Immunity. In reopening its public hearings, the Senate Watergate committee will first take testimony from convicted Conspirator E. Howard Hunt Jr., followed during the week by Presidential Aide Patrick Buchanan, former White House Investigator John Caulfield and John J. Ragan, a bugging expert from Massapequa, N.Y. Caulfield testified for two days in May on his role in the offering of Executive clemency to Conspirator James McCord Jr. This week the committee planned to question both him and Ragan about the bugging, on orders from the White House, of Columnist Joseph Kraft's telephone in 1969. It intended to query Buchanan about his 1972 memos recommending infiltration of the presidential campaigns of Democratic Senator Edmund Muskie and others.

Originally the committee had planned to question former White House Special Counsel Charles Colson, who was implicated in Watergate by previous witnesses. But Colson may soon be indicted on charges of helping to plan the Ellsberg psychiatrist's break-in, and last week he declined to cooperate with the Ervin committee. During a two-hour private session with committee members and staffers, Colson's attorney,



SPECIAL PROSECUTOR COX
No settlement.

David Shapiro, explained that his client could testify only if granted immunity from prosecution.

After much discussion, the committee refused to grant him immunity—largely at the urging of its chief counsel, Sam Dash, who said that the 65-page opening statement Colson planned to deliver contained little new evidence. Then Dash began a series of questions to test Colson's determination not to answer. Did he know Hunt? Had he introduced Hunt to former Presidential Domestic Adviser John Ehrlichman? To every pertinent question, Colson cited the Fifth Amendment, refusing to answer on the ground that he might incriminate himself.

In the past, Colson has denied any prior knowledge of the Watergate break-in, let alone involvement in it. TIME has learned, however, that Hunt told the committee in a private interview that Colson "was aware" by December 1971 or January 1972 of the "large-scale intelligence plan." Moreover, Hunt told the committee that he had received the impression from Conspirator G. Gordon Liddy that—in the words of a committee digest of the interview—"Colson had discussed Gemstone [the wiretapping operation] with Liddy."

Since the committee wants to complete its hearings by Nov. 1, only four weeks are left to explore the other subjects of its investigation: campaign "dirty tricks" and improper financing of the 1972 presidential campaign. Several staff members resent the early deadline, saying that it does not leave enough time to explore fully the non-Watergate phases of the investigation. Some hope that the hearings may yet be extended beyond Nov. 1. Said one staffer who is involved in investigating dirty tricks: "It depends on what we turn up, and I think we are going to turn up some pretty important stuff."

NIXON AIDE PATRICK BUCHANAN



CONSPIRATOR E. HOWARD HUNT



THE CONGRESS

What Price the Jackson Amendment?

► The speaker, Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev: "We believe that a new system of international relations can and must be built by honest and consistent observance of the principles of sovereignty and noninterference in internal affairs, and by unswerving implementation of signed treaties and agreements without playing games or engaging in ambiguous maneuvers."

► The public letter writer, Soviet Physicist Andrei Sakharov: "There are tens of thousands of citizens in the Soviet Union... who want to leave the country and who have been seeking to exercise that right for years and for decades at the cost of endless difficulty and humiliation. You know that prisons, labor camps and mental hospitals are full of people who have sought to exercise this legitimate right. I am appealing to the Congress of the United States to give its support to the Jackson amendment."

Two conflicting views from the Soviet Union, both aimed at influencing an act of the U.S. Congress. A gross interference in U.S. politics? Not really, since the object of this unusual international lobbying is Title Five of the Nixon Administration's Trade Reform Act of 1973. That section of the bill would grant the Soviet Union so-called most-favored-nation status as a trading partner, entitling it to lower tariffs. The amendment to which Sakharov refers, as does Brezhnev indirectly, was first introduced nearly a year ago by Democratic Senator Henry Jackson. It would prevent Nixon from placing the Soviet Union on the list of favored nations unless the Soviet government lifts its restrictions against its citizens who wish to leave, who most notably are Jews who want to live in Israel.

Varied Motives. There is merit to the Brezhnev complaint that the Jackson amendment amounts to interference in the Soviet Union's internal affairs. Certainly any Soviet demand concerning the way in which the U.S. treats its own citizens would be furiously resented here. The legislation's many supporters do not see it that way. It is so popular, in fact, that it has acquired one of the longest lists of cosponsors in congressional history: 77 Senators and 287 Representatives. If just those supporters alone vote for the measure, it will pass. A first test could come this week as the House Ways and Means Committee is scheduled to complete closed-door hearings on the subject and vote.

The motives for the widespread support of the amendment are varied, and all have been overshadowed by an issue not directly involved in the legislation: the new signs of a Soviet crackdown on political dissidents. The Jackson amendment restricts itself to the issue of emigration. Yet the untimely Soviet action against its dissidents has rallied support

for the amendment, whose backers range the political spectrum from Democrats Edward Kennedy and George McGovern to Republicans Barry Goldwater and John Tower.

Among the most important reasons for this support is a widespread feeling that the U.S. was stung in its wheat deal with the Russians. Many politicians fault the Nixon Administration for not bargaining more shrewdly and feel that it is time now to get whatever the U.S. can in return for any trade concessions. Then too, Jewish influence can be critical in some urban areas. Jewish organizations have been lobbying intensively. Another factor: what legislators consider to be Nixon's usurpation of power. Since the bill would give Nixon authority to set tariff rates, lawmakers feel inclined to attack conditions.

Jackson himself stresses an idealistic aim but argues that the tactics are practical. Freedom to emigrate, he contends,

at his confirmation hearings as Secretary of State, is that to attach this kind of condition to trade amounts to trying to "transform the domestic structure" of the Soviet Union. If the U.S. tries to apply that principle to every nation with whom it deals, "we will find ourselves massively involved in every country in the world." This view has been shared in the past by many liberals in their warnings against the U.S. being a "global policeman" or moral arbiter.

Moreover, the Soviet-U.S. trade agreement signed last year includes a pledge by Nixon that the Russians will get favored-nation treatment: to put strings on that endangers the agreement, threatens détente itself and this, contends Kissinger, would be "a tragedy." Kissinger explains that the Administration has sought more subtly to persuade the Russians to change their emigration policies through secret diplomacy, which he considers more effective than public pressure. In fact, for whatever reason, there has been a sharp increase in Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union in recent years.

The crux of the argument is just how



ought to be a basic individual right. "When people such as those who want to leave the Soviet Union ask for help," he says, "the least we can do is provide the tiniest bit more freedom for them." He has no wish to jeopardize détente but sees the trade bill as a test of whether tough bargaining cannot be a normal condition of détente. In negotiations, he contends, the Russians "respect firmness, fairness and toughness; they hate mush." Since the Russians need trade with the U.S. badly, his argument goes, they may well yield, at least partially, to congressional conditions after a certain amount of propaganda and bluster. The Brezhnev protest, in fact, has been mild so far.

The Administration's position, expressed forcefully by Henry Kissinger

risky the Jackson amendment is. Its supporters consider the danger of any serious disruption of relations between the two powers to be minimal because, they feel, the amendment is narrowly restricted to emigration and does not deal with political repression in the Soviet Union. Argues Richard Perle, a Jackson staff expert on the amendment: "We don't want to go into the Soviet Union and tell them how to treat the people that remain—we just want people to be allowed to come out."

That simplistic argument, however, ignores the fact that restrictions on movement are an essential part of closed societies. Allowing completely free movement out of the Soviet Union would, in fact, amount to a significant change of the system. This was dramat-



The 56th Secretary

Approved by the Senate 78-7 last week, Henry A. Kissinger was sworn in as the nation's 56th Secretary of State—and the first naturalized U.S. citizen to hold that post. With his proud mother Paula, 73, holding the Bible, Kissinger took the oath of office from Chief Justice Warren Burger while his father Louis, 87, son David, 12, and daughter Elizabeth, 14, looked on. A beaming Nixon introduced the new top diplomat as a man of "poise, strength, and character." Kissinger, who with his German-Jewish family fled the Nazi regime in 1938,

responded by noting: "There is no country in the world where it is conceivable that a man of my origin could be standing here next to the President of the United States. And if my origin can contribute anything to the formulation of our policy, it is that at an early age I have seen what can happen to a society that is based on hatred and strength and distrust... America has never been true to itself unless it meant something beyond itself. As we work for a world at peace with justice, compassion and humanity, we know that America, in fulfilling man's deepest aspirations, fulfills what is best within it."

ically illustrated by the experience of East Germany in the early 1960s when so many professionals and skilled workers began fleeing that it took a Berlin Wall to prevent economic collapse. There is no certainty that Brezhnev views the issue as similarly critical, but if pushed by the U.S., hard-liners within his own government might well attack any Soviet accommodation as too high a price to pay for increased trade.

It is also true that granting favored-nation status is no great concession. All of the U.S. trading partners enjoy that status except Communist nations, and even among them exceptions have already been made for Yugoslavia and Poland. Failing to grant it is, in effect, a discriminatory penalty.

On such a matter of global significance as testing the practical meaning of détente, the Administration and the lawmakers should have been able to work out a mutual approach. They may yet do so.

Compromise between the two world powers is equally urgent, in view of the current stakes, which include related negotiations on nuclear arms, European security and mutual reductions in military forces in Europe. Privately, Soviet officials, as well as many Congressmen, doubt that differences over tariffs or emigration will be permitted to endanger those larger interests.

INVESTIGATIONS

Accusing a Roosevelt

Both the virtues and defects of congressional investigating committees have lately been on display, thanks to Watergate, and last week there was some fresh evidence on the debit side—at least in form. The substance was still obscure. During hearings by the Senate Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations, headed by Senator Henry M. Jackson, Elliott Roosevelt, 63, the second son of President Franklin Roosevelt, was accused of plotting the assassination of Lyndon O. Pindling, Prime Minister of the Bahamas.

The charges came from Louis P. Mastriana, a convicted stock swindler and onetime Roosevelt employee, who was testifying during an investigation of organized crime in stock and security frauds. Under questioning by Senator Charles Percy, Mastriana told the subcommittee members that in 1968 he had been offered \$100,000 by Roosevelt and Michael McLaney, a reputed associate of Gambling Czar

THE NATION

Meyer Lansky, to kill Pindling after the Prime Minister refused to grant McLaney a gambling license in exchange for campaign contributions.

Mastriana produced a \$2,500 check, part of an alleged down payment, made out to Roosevelt and signed over to Mastriana. In addition, Mastriana charged, Roosevelt had been involved in the attempted sale of \$150,000 in stolen securities. He insisted that he had recordings to prove his accusations, but committee investigators said that the tapes were indecipherable.

Cheap Sensation. From his ranch outside Lisbon, Roosevelt denied the charges, described Mastriana's story as "absolutely fantastic" and accused the subcommittee of using his name "to get a cheap sensational headline." Roosevelt demanded a public apology from Senator Jackson and offered to testify publicly in his own behalf.

The charges against Roosevelt, a former mayor of Miami Beach who writes, breeds horses and promotes Portuguese tourism, first came to light during a private session between Mastriana and subcommittee investigators. At least two more witnesses met with subcommittee investigators and were prepared to testify about Roosevelt's alleged security misdealings. According to Subcommittee Chairman Jackson, attempts to interview Roosevelt about this during a visit to Florida in August were unsuccessful, and a public airing of the alleged-assassination-plot portion of the testimony was not planned until Roosevelt could be reached.

Obviously displeased that Mastriana's allegations were brought out prematurely by Percy, Jackson suspended further testimony until next week, when Roosevelt is scheduled to return to Washington and confront his accuser. It could be quite an encounter. Mastriana's police record includes arrests for gambling, grand larceny, forgery, aggravated assault and possession of the contents of stolen mail. Three years ago, he was declared mentally incompetent by a New Jersey court. "He's the greatest bull artist in the world," a Florida police official said of Mastriana last week.



LOUIS MASTRIANA



ELLIOTT ROOSEVELT

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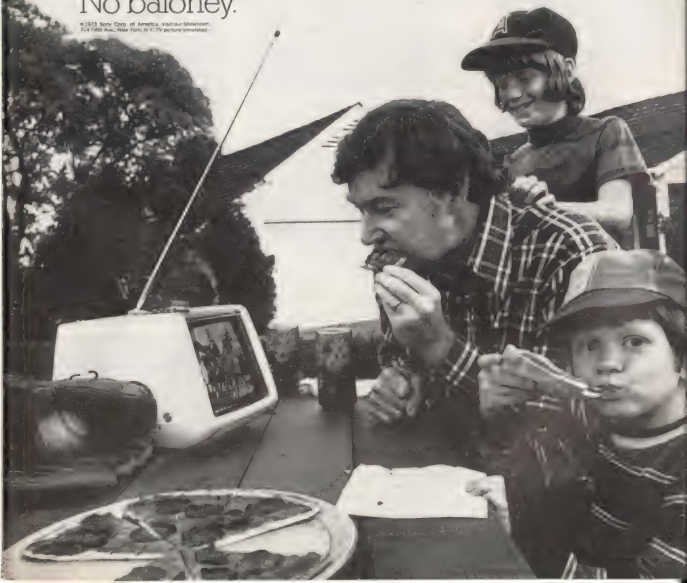
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LEADERS OF THE JUNTA SALUTING IN SANTIAGO FOLLOWING CHURCH SERVICE IN HONOR OF CHILEAN INDEPENDENCE DAY*

THE WORLD

CHILE

The Generals Consolidate Their Coup

Scarcely a week after they overturned the Marxist government of Salvador Allende Gossens and seized power, the generals of Chile were acting rather like the colonels of Greece, or even like the cardboard military figures of a Costa-Gavras movie. They went methodically about eliminating traces of Allende's proposed evolution to socialism in matters both great and small. Snipers and suspected leftists were rounded up, and Marxist literature in bookstores was banned. Soldiers, suspecting long-haired civilians of leftist views, arbitrarily gave some of them haircuts. Barbershops were jammed as shaggy-tressed youths rushed to be sheared and shed of physical evidence that they might be leftist sympathizers. Reports that pantsuits for women were also banned turned out to be false. THEY CAN STILL WEAR PANTS read one of the few light headlines of the week in one Santiago newspaper.

The junta also banned the use of the term *compaño*, or comrade, which had been the ritual greeting of Allende's supporters. Flying squads of painters, meanwhile, ranged across Santiago to cleanse political slogans and provocative graffiti off the city's walls. The Socialist and Communist parties were outlawed.

The aim of the junta, led by General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, was to destroy the base for a possible counter-coup by the left. Judging by military announcements, the task was proving successful—and at surprisingly low cost in human lives. The junta insisted that only

95 people had been killed in the two days of fighting before the army took control of Santiago. Other sources, however, estimated deaths at 5,000.

Nearly twice that many people had been arrested. By official estimate, 8,000 people were being held—far too many to be contained in Santiago's jails. The junta therefore took over the capital's 100,000-seat National Stadium and converted it into a temporary bastille for 7,000 prisoners. Other detention centers were set up at Concepción on the coast and in the isolated Juan Fernández Islands. Important political prisoners were held in Santiago's military academy. Among them were several members of Allende's Cabinet, including Foreign Minister Clodomiro Almeyda and Interior Minister Carlos Briones.

At week's end armed troops continued to man checkpoints on the city's streets, and there were reports of isolated skirmishes in the countryside involving government troops and diehard Allende supporters. Nonetheless, the junta appeared to be in firm command of the country. Apparently convinced that it was in office to stay, at least 16 nations—including France, Spain, Switzerland and neighboring Argentina—recognized the new government. (The Soviet Union and East Germany, in con-

trast, broke relations with their onetime close ally.) Even though the Nixon Administration was unmistakably delighted at Allende's downfall, the U.S. took no diplomatic action. In part, the cautionary stance may have been a response to continuing accusations that the U.S. had had a direct hand in triggering the coup, a charge that Washington denied.

Sensitive to charges that it had acted autocratically in overthrowing Allende, the junta contended that the military had moved only to prevent a bloodier coup by the left. The junta charged that Allende's supporters intended to wipe out all right-wing resistance to his dream of a socialist Chile. Among the targeted victims for assassination, the junta claimed, were 300 officers. According to military sources, the uprising was planned to coincide with the eve of the 163rd anniversary of Chile's independence on Sept. 18. Convinced that the leftist coup was at hand, the military acted to prevent it.

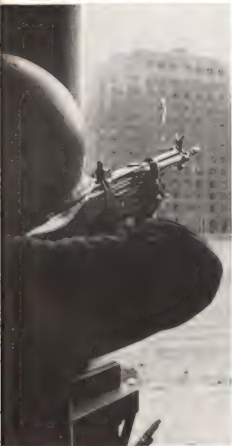
The coup was plotted with remarkable care. TIME Correspondent Charles

*From left: air force commander General Gustavo Leigh Guzman, Junta President Pinochet, Admiral Jose Toranzo Merino, and General Cesar Mendoza Duran, commander of the carabineros (armed police).

Scenes from Santiago during the coup: presidential palace burns (top) while curious passers-by view the body of a civilian killed in the fighting. Soldier shoots at a sniper (left), pedestrians cover their noses against tear gas, and a paint crew

obliterates a political sign (letters represent the names of parties in Allende's leftist coalition). Bottom: soldiers round up suspects beside Santiago's Moneda Palace; mourners accompany the coffin of a victim being trundled off for burial





THE WORLD

Eisendrath reports that a cadre of only 30 men was involved in the planning. To prevent bugging or discovery by Allende's spies, the conspirators avoided any communication with one another except by trusted messengers. As the date of the coup approached, the leaders established a system by which any calls from Allende would be funneled through a single office and monitored. Reason: they were afraid that the President, whose persuasive powers were legendary in Chile, might flatter one of them enough to break the unity that was the keystone of the coup.

Alien List. The military also tried to rally Chilean opinion to its side by insisting that many of Allende's leftist supporters consisted of "foreign elements." The junta issued a list of aliens being sought for questioning that named 4,187 Bolivians, 2,139 Argentines, 987 Cubans, 1,300 Brazilians and 3,266 Uruguayans. Many others were already under arrest.

Eventually, the junta announced, the suspect foreigners will be tried by

courts-martial. Some of those who were said to have been arrested with stockpiles of Soviet-made weapons in their possession will likely be sentenced to death or lengthy prison terms. Others will be returned to their homelands, which may or may not be a kinder fate: many were Latin revolutionaries or troublesome political leftists who had been given asylum in Chile by the Allende government.

The most notable defender of the dead President's memory was his widow, Hortensia Bussi de Allende, who accepted an offer of asylum tendered by Mexican President Luis Echeverria. Upon arrival in Mexico City, Mrs. Allende announced that she had changed her mind about the manner of her husband's death. Earlier, she had said that he had killed himself, using a submachine gun given him by Cuba's Fidel Castro. Now she insisted that he had been shot dead by soldiers; she said she had changed her mind after hearing eyewitness reports of multiple bullet wounds in her husband's body. The

junta had released a medical report purportedly confirming its claim that Allende had died by his own hand.

Despite the roundup of Allende sympathizers and the sporadic shootouts, Santiago and the rest of Chile last week were gradually returning to a kind of normalcy. Shops were open, food was available again as truckers who had struck against Allende returned to work. The curfew was shortened to allow Chileans to restock pantries stripped bare by the shortages of the Allende regime and later by the fighting in the streets. Early in the week only a few planes carrying foreign journalists and privileged evacuees moved in and out of Santiago's secondary Los Cerrillos airport. But by Friday, commercial service resumed at the international Pudahuel terminal. Trains also began to run again, without the danger that they would be taken over and stalled by militants, as occasionally happened during Allende's regime. Skiers were even able to go up to the Andean resort of Portillo for a crack at the last corn snow of the season.

General Pinochet: Bloody Democracy

"Democracy carries within its breast the seed of its own destruction. There is a saying that 'democracy has to be bathed occasionally in blood so that it can continue to be democracy.' Fortunately this is not our case. There have been only a few drops."

So said General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, the stern, ruddy-faced leader of Chile's military junta, in an hour-long interview last week with *TIME* Correspondent Charles Eisendrath, which took place in Pinochet's Defense Ministry office overlooking the gutted Moneda Palace. Pinochet was vague about the junta's timetable for a restoration of civilian government. "We will keep the status quo for a certain time, and then grant more liberty. But we don't want politics. The only party now is the Chilean party, and its members are all Chileans."

"The political parties have only been recessed. The government has no partisan politics because if we were to have parties right away, we would again fall into contamination. But our doors will remain open to politicians who have recognized abilities. The only condition is that these men do not mix their work with politics."

Pinochet indicated that there might be restoration of U.S. corporations' ownership of mines and factories taken over by Allende's leftist government. An economic team, the general revealed, is studying "all possibilities," including turning back nationalized firms to their former owners. "We will try to offer the greatest margin of liberty," he promised, in determining just who gets what.

The junta leader heatedly denied charges raised in some quarters that the

U.S. might have been involved in the coup. "We received help from nobody," he snarled. "Put that all in capital letters. We did this ourselves, the true Chileans and the armed forces, with no help from the inside or the outside."

GENERAL PINOCHET (SEATED) & AIDE



"The movement was executed with the complete union of all the armed forces and *carabineros*. Each branch did its own planning, although only two or three people in each knew of it. This was necessary because they were in extreme danger of being denounced. The Marxist system kept the commanders under daily surveillance—our hours of arrival at our offices, for instance, and our activities. Telephones were tapped. That is why we restricted knowledge [of the coup] to a few people."

Why did the coup take place? "We did this," Pinochet answered, "because the President had exceeded the constitutional limits of his office. He had made fools out of the judiciary and the legislative branch. On the one hand he told us [the military] that he did not want a civil war. Yet day after day our intelligence service reported the presence of arms even in his own house. While he said to us that he was the victim of civil war, we had documentation that he was preparing for one."

When the fighting for Moneda Palace began, Pinochet went on, the junta asked Allende to surrender four separate times. "But the only thing he wanted was to gain time, possibly in the hope that our unity might break. We guaranteed his safe conduct out of the country. We even put off the air force attack for an hour to allow Señor Allende to consider his options."

The presidential palace was attacked, Pinochet said, "because Allende was protected by a guard who had heavy weapons, even bazookas." What about the prospect of a "reaction" to his junta from the dead President's numerous and apparently well-armed supporters? Said the general, calmly but firmly: "We have taken the necessary precautions."

The junta, meanwhile, went sternly about the business of sorting out its priorities. After the elimination of all Marxist influences, the first emphasis, it appeared, would be on economics. Without giving specifics, the junta indicated that foreign investment would be welcome again in Chile. Opportunities would be offered to "anyone who makes a fair deal." The copper industry, on which Chile depends for a large portion of its earnings, was to be spurred to better efforts. Under Allende production fell to 717,000 metric tons in 1972 and a predicted 680,000 tons this year. Henceforth, the junta announced, production will be stepped up to 1,000,000 metric tons a year.

At week's end six of Santiago's nine newspapers were back on the streets, although their pages were subject to strict censorship. One of the city's three television channels was also operating, under close military supervision. And in a very modest way, politics had started up again. At a press conference, Patricio Aylwin, president of the Christian Democrats, dared to challenge a statement by one of the junta's leaders—namely, that the military was considering a new constitution. Aylwin said that the Christian Democrats, even though they backed the junta, did not believe that "a constitutional system can be imposed on the people. No one, not even if they are armed, can impose a constitutional regime. A constitutional regime must come from the people."

It may be quite a while before the Chilean people get to choose a constitution for themselves. All the evidence last week pointed to a grim fact: civilian-led democratic government in Chile has no priority at all for the junta. The earliest estimate for national elections was in three to five years, and even that was a guess. By the time the polls reopen, Chileans may be too deep into dictatorship to remember the old days of democracy that ended so suddenly two weeks ago in blood and smoke.

Was the U.S. Involved?

The U.S. has a long and mostly inglorious history of meddling in the internal affairs of Latin American nations. Thus it came as no surprise to Washington that the Chilean junta's overthrow of President Salvador Allende sparked a flurry of angry charges that either the CIA or the White House had somehow engineered the coup. At a special meeting of the United Nations Security Council called by Cuba to protest attacks by Chilean troops on its embassy in Santiago during the coup, Cuban Ambassador Ricardo Alarón y Quesada charged: "The trail of blood spilled in Chile leads directly to the dark dens of the Central Intelligence Agency and the Pentagon."

In Mexico, former Chilean Ambassador Hugo Vigorena Ramirez, a career diplomat who resigned his post in Mexico City after the coup, claimed to have

seen documents outlining what he called the "CIA's war against Allende." The alleged plan, code-named Centaur, was said to involve economic and psychological subversion of the Allende government, including such dirty tricks as introducing counterfeit money and upsetting the rhythm of crops. "The CIA plan prepared for the coup," insisted Vigorena. "It was a systematic campaign of torpedoing the government."

Vigorena's charges seemed to be bolstered by Washington's lack of concern at Allende's fall. President Nixon sent no message of condolence to Allende's widow—a customary gesture on the death of an elected head of state. Nor did the Administration lament the demise of the democratically elected government in Chile. "We will have to work

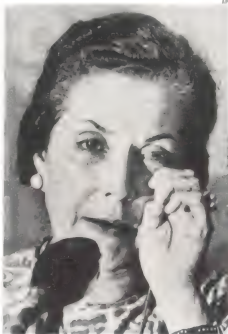
that the documents outlining the purported plot were circulated in Mexico by one Richard Alexander Zander, 31, an ex-convict and accused kidnaper who fled the U.S. last month while on parole from McNeil Island federal penitentiary in Washington State, where he had served time for transporting stolen goods. A U.S. court has issued a warrant for his arrest as a fugitive from justice.

Even Latin American experts with reason to be skeptical of Nixon Administration statements on Chile tend to believe that the U.S. was not involved. Educator Ralph Dungan, who was Lyndon Johnson's Ambassador to Chile, contends that in the wake of Watergate and the ITT affair, the CIA would have been almost excessively cautious about getting involved in so potentially embarrassing an international scandal. "It all suggests to me that there was probably no mucking around," he says.

International Financier Sol Linowitz, former U.S. representative to the Organization of American States, finds it difficult to believe that the U.S. could be active in subversion while the American mission was headed by Ambassador Nathaniel Davis, a circumpect career envoy. Even Democratic Senator Frank Church, who conducted hearings into the assorted plots by multinational ITT and the CIA against the Allende government, says: "Without evidence to the contrary, I have to accept the State Department word."

Charges have been made, however, that Washington played a large and possibly crucial role in Chile's economic difficulties. Pressure from Washington on such institutions as the World Bank seriously aggravated Chile's fiscal crises. As Latin American Experts James F. Petras and Robert LaPorte Jr. noted in *Foreign Policy* magazine, "Dominican style 'gunboat diplomacy' has been replaced by 'credit diplomacy.'" But the Chilean economy was already in a sorry state as a result of the drop in the world price of copper and inefficient fiscal management. Moreover, the refusal of the Allende government to modify its socializing policies forced some international lending agencies to curtail their programs in Chile.

In light of Allende's nationalization of U.S.-owned properties, it was hardly to be expected that the Administration would help him. Yet the military coup was unfortunate not only for Chile but for the U.S. For as Dungan observes: "Nothing would have served our interests better than if [Allende] had completed his term in office and then been repudiated by the Chilean people in constitutional elections."



HORTENSIA ALLENDE IN MEXICO CITY

with the generals," said a State Department spokesman, "and it makes no sense to issue some moral statement about democracy." On top of all that, world suspicions were aroused by the department's admissions that it had known beforehand about rumors of a possible coup—not that this would have been much of a surprise to anyone, presumably including Allende.

Yet there is a strong and plausible case showing that the U.S. was not involved in the military's coup. Administration officials issued unqualified denials of U.S. complicity—perhaps suspect in light of recent revelations about, say, the secret bombing of Cambodia in 1969 and 1970. There were equally strong denials from leaders of the junta that their coup had outside help. Most tellingly, the CIA called the Centaur plan a hoax.

U.S. intelligence sources contended

COMMUNISM

The Rise of the "Other Germany"

The symbolism was unintended, but powerful nonetheless. A little more than six weeks after his death, the government of East Germany laid to final rest the ashes of Walter Ulbricht, who for more than a generation was the country's stern, Stalin-like dictator. The very next day East Germany was admitted to the United Nations, receiving the universal legitimacy and recognition that Ulbricht had both sought and feared.

Even more vividly than the Brezhnev-Nixon summit, the simultaneous acceptance of East and West Germany as members of the U.N. symbolized the beginning of an uncertain new period in the relations between the democratic-capitalist and the Communist worlds. At the same time, the admission ceremonies underlined East Germany's sense

of inferiority to West Germany—the Germany in the eyes of most of the world. People who watch such things closely noted that as gray-haired, gray-suited Otto Winzer, the East German Foreign Minister, was led to his seat by the U.N. Chief of Protocol, there were 15 seconds of applause. A minute later, West German Foreign Minister Walter Scheel was given 32 seconds of cheers and clapping. The two diplomats later posed politely together for the cameras. Their accents sounded the same, and the flags with black, red and gold horizontal bars that were raised on the U.N. Plaza were almost indistinguishable. But in many other ways—the ways that count—the two envoys and their countries could have come from different continents or different planets.

For East Germany, official recognition by the international community as a legitimate sovereign state is at once an enormous victory and a profound challenge. It also amounts to something of a surprise for the West. Long hidden in the shadow of its bitter rival, West Germany, the "other Germany" has become the ninth largest industrial power in the world—and by far the richest Communist state in per capita terms. Already the East Germans have surpassed the Italians and the Irish in per capita income, and they are closing in on the Brits.

Although smaller in land area than Cuba, East Germany now produces more than Hitler's mighty prewar Reich. Throughout the '60s, one of the chief tasks of Erich Honecker, now East Germany's No. 1 man (see box), was to boost production to ever greater heights.

The East German standard of living is still 30% below that of West Germany. It is, nevertheless, the envy of the

other nations in the East bloc. When controls on currency exchange between Poland and the G.D.R. were relaxed last year, so many Poles poured over the border to buy higher-quality German goods that the G.D.R. suffered serious shortages of its own, and Poland became alarmed by its zooming trade deficit. East Germany is probably the most subservient of Russia's European satellites; it supplies the Soviet Union with 15.3% of all its imports, a fantastic figure considering the disparity in size between the two countries. Nonetheless, the U.S.S.R. bans certain East German magazines —not because of their ideological content but because of pictures showing how well the German comrades live.

In a sense, the East German *Wirtschaftswunder* (economic miracle) is even more miraculous than the one accomplished by West Germany. The end of World War II left the West with the mines and factories of the Ruhr, an industrial base that had been only partly destroyed by British and American bombs. The East got the fields and forests of northeast Prussia and Saxony. Instead of standing for the Deutsche Demokratische Republik, the East Germans joked, the initials D.D.R. stood for *Der Doofe Rest*—"the stupid leftovers."

Brain Drain. What leftovers there were the Russians took away. Whole factories were put into railroad cars and shipped East. When the loot had all been carted away, the Russians even ripped up many of the railroad tracks and took them away too. While the U.S. poured Marshall Plan money into the West, the Russians siphoned off any spare cash from the East. All told, the East Germans paid Moscow an estimated \$15 billion in direct reparations and untold amounts under extortionist trade agreements. When the Russians were finished the East Germans were left with only "Walter Ulbricht and some potatoes," as one East German bitterly puts it.

Even more harmful than the loss of factories and machines to the East was the loss of brains to the West. Between 1949, when the G.D.R. was created out of the Soviet zone of occupation, and 1961, when the hated Wall was erected, approximately 2,700,000 East Germans fled to the West, most of them young, talented and educated. Partly because of that drain, East Germany is still plagued by a shortage of labor. Some 35% of the work force is pension age; of the country's women between 16 and 60, 84% work outside the home—one of the highest percentages of any country in the world. Perhaps not coincidentally, the population growth is, next to Luxembourg's, the lowest in Europe.

With so many problems, how did East Germany manage to survive, let alone achieve such prosperity? The answer seems to be, as one Polish Communist official notes, that "in the final analysis, the East Germans are still Germans."

In some ways they are more German than the Germans in the West—if a

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The Seven 'n Cider.



"You tired?"
"Just a little."
"Want to stop?"
"Okay."

"There. That's a nice spot. By the big pile of leaves."

So while she unpacked an autumn kind of picnic, he put together an autumn kind of drink.

In went a jigger of Seagram's 7 Crown, over a healthy handful of ice. Then, fresh apple cider, right up to the top.

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"Hey, your egg salad is really great."

"Your Seven 'n Cider is terrific too!"

"I'm glad we stopped."

"So am I."



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The Seven 'n Cider. 1½ ounces Seagram's 7 Crown.
6 ounces fresh, sweet apple cider. Stir over ice.

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compulsion for keeping busy is considered a fundament of the national character. To gain a few extra marks, truck drivers frequently volunteer to work 12 to 15 hours a day; factory hands complain bitterly when their overtime is limited. Industrial charts show productivity gains that even West Germans envy. "Their willingness to work and our capitalist system put together would produce incredible results," marvels a West German businessman visiting Leipzig.

The East German government is one of the most doctrinaire Communist regimes in Eastern Europe. Nonetheless, in 1963 it flirted with the ideological heresy of "Libermanism," a theory that takes its name from its principal proponent, Evsei Liberman, an economics professor at Russia's Kharkov University. Libermanism emphasizes the profit motive and individual reward within the Communist system. Even today, the G.D.R. rewards increases in productivity more generously than any other East European country. As a result, there are East Germans—not all of them party insiders—who have accumulated enough cash to buy that most treasured of possessions, a foreign car.

Closed Society. Aside from native industriousness, however, the chief factor in East Germany's success is the Wall. Although it is one of the most formidable barriers ever built by man, approximately 375 people a year still manage to pierce it, and another 5,200 manage to sneak across other parts of the 860-mile border. Nonetheless, the Wall has succeeded in its goal: to keep East Germans inside East Germany. After it was erected, "the people agreed to come to terms with the regime," one U.S. State Department official put it. "They agreed that East Germany was the place they were in and where they were going to stay, and with typical German efficiency, they prospered."

But at a considerable, perhaps intolerable price. East Germany is beyond doubt the most closed society in the East bloc—more regimented in many ways than the Soviet Union itself. "We have had to be more Catholic than the Pope," explains one G.D.R. official, "simply because we had no identity, no past as a nation. We could not afford to relax or make mistakes." Even mild criticism of the regime still gets people into trouble, and sometimes into jail. A Leipziger who drank too much schnapps and insulted an official of the Interior Ministry in a pub, for example, was recently sent away for four years. Every factory has its party spies, and party watchdogs are among the delegates to all conferences, at home as well as abroad.

Most people react by refusing to discuss politics or their discontent with the regime. The boredom level is probably higher in East Germany than in almost any other country in the world. "If you live quietly and keep your mouth shut," says an elderly woman in Leipzig, "then nobody bothers you."



YOUTHFUL EAST BERLINERS SOAK UP THE SUN ALONG CITY SIDEWALK

The greatest irritant to East Germans, amounting almost to an obsession, is their inability to travel to the West. "Life here is like that at the new prison they built overlooking the city," says a secretary in Karl-Marx-Stadt's state-run computer center. "From the outside it looks nice and clean, like a girls' school. But the prisoners cannot see outside." Most G.D.R. cities are within range of West German television. Says a student from Dresden: "When I came to Erfurt [a town near the border] and saw a West German program, it was like a new world opening up."

There is an almost insatiable hunger for Western products. A cheap synthetic turtle-neck that sells for \$3.50 in Munich fetches \$30 in East Germany's flourishing black market; a \$1.85 box of colored pencils commands \$7.50. Busy repairmen who cannot be bribed with money to fix a broken washing machine or refrigerator will break all speed records if the bribe is blue jeans, one of the most coveted items in the G.D.R. During the annual Leipzig Trade Fair, a favorite pastime of citizens is to stand on street corners and watch the visiting Western cars. Otherwise scrupulously honest, the East German has no qualms about stealing the distinctive star that adorns every Mercedes hood.

Adding to the average East German's irritation is the one-sidedness of the basic treaty designed to normalize relations between the Germans. West Germans are relatively free to travel to the East, while only very few ordinary East Germans are allowed to visit the West. So many West Germans are giving money to their relatives in the East that the regime now allows them in special shops formerly open only to Western visitors—selling Western goods and taking only Western money.*

*At the elevated railway station atop East Berlin's Friedrichstrasse, there is even a small duty-free liquor shop where tourists can buy brand-name Scotchies (\$4.50) and cognacs (\$5.90), about half the West Berlin price.



WINDOW SHOPPERS IN EAST BERLIN
Closing in on the British.

For East Germans who do not have relatives in the West, the visitors are a source of jealousy and bitterness. "The West Germans come over here to see their poor cousins," complains one angry official, "and they try to create envy. They say they don't talk politics, but by displaying themselves they are political. They are trying to erode our system."

The presence of 61 million mostly prosperous West Germans looms over the 17 million East Germans, and for nearly 25 years the overriding goal of the East Berlin government has been to crawl out of their shadow. While Willy Brandt, the West German Chancellor, talks of "two states in one German nation," Erich Honecker talks of *Abgrenzung*—a strict separation. The G.D.R. and West Germany are "two sovereign states independent of each other and with different social systems," Otto Winzer emphasized last week in his maiden

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speech to the U.N. General Assembly.

"We always say that the U.S. is the biggest imperialist power," explains Ernst-Otto Schwabe, chief editor of the East Berlin international-affairs weekly *Horizont*. "But our struggle has always been with West Germany. This conflict directly influences our life every day in every field—even sports. A sports victory over West Germany is more important than a victory over the U.S." The East Germans fairly gloated when they won 20 gold medals at last year's Olympics in Munich to 13 for West Germany. Star Swimmer Roland Matthes of Erfurt, who took two golds, was idolized by his countrymen even more than Mark Spitz was by U.S. sport fans.

East German party ideologues de-

clined that. A quarter of army basic training, for example, is given over to ideological propaganda. The schools spend much of their time "forming the child's socialist attitude," as one parent delicately phrases it. Asked what nationality he is, a well-educated young East German will say that he is a "citizen of the G.D.R."—he will never call himself a German.

Alongside undying hatred of West Germany's Federal Republic, the government preaches undying love for the Soviet Union. Speaking to the Eighth Party Congress in 1971, Honecker said: "One's attitude toward the Soviet Union and toward the Communist Party of the Soviet Union was, is and remains the decisive test of one's faithfulness to Marxism-Leninism, to proletarian internationalism." Twenty Soviet divisions—300,000 men—still occupy the country, and the Soviet ambassador continues to sit in on some meetings of the East German Politburo. The East German ambassador to the U.N. is not expected to deviate from the Soviet position by more than a comma or two.

The only potential area of conflict is the East German suspicion that the Russians, in the Brezhnev era of détente, may be getting soft on capitalism. "It is possible for us to be more militant than Moscow," says Max Rausch, 75, a grand old man of the Communist Party. "After all, we live on the border."

Polish Jokes. The ordinary East German does not much like the Russians, and he makes his feelings known in any way that will not land him in jail. Hotel clerks save their haughtiest look for Russian travel groups. Even the B-girls are unfriendly. "We always recognize a Russian by his pointed shoes," says a miniskirted blonde at Dresden's Café Prag. "We refuse, of course." Not that the East Germans think much kinder of their other East European neighbors. They have their own Polish jokes: A smoke-filled room is called "Polish air," and a disastrous economic plan is called "Polish economics." The situation is not helped by the fact that thousands of Poles and Hungarians are imported to fill menial jobs in the G.D.R. because of the labor shortage.

Just as West German tourists have a reputation for boorishness in the West, East Germans are detested in the East bloc for being rude and arrogant. "They come over here with their heavy marks and they buy up all the fruit in sight," says a Czech official. "Then they lecture us about how much better life is in the G.D.R." The recent relaxation of travel barriers between the Communist countries has not thrilled anybody. "East Europeans are not always very pleasant to us," says one East German worker. "We took a three-day trip into Poland recently, but we really would have preferred to be in East Germany." Unable to travel to the West and not much caring to travel to the East, the East Germans remain, with the possi-



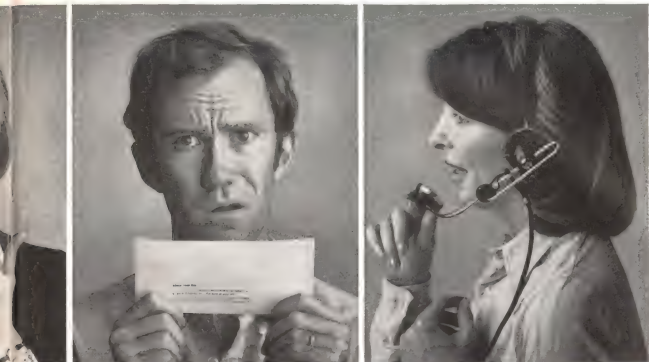
PARTY BOSS HONECKER IN EAST BERLIN
"Our man" to the Russians.

scribe their relationship with other East-bloc nations as *miteinander*, meaning "togetherness." Relations with West Germany are summed up as *neben einander*—"alongside each other." The two republics carry on \$1.7 billion worth of trade with each other, and are bound by ties of language, religion and culture that still have powerful appeal in the East. Nonetheless, the Honecker regime fights such links with every means available—from the Wall, with its tank traps and killer-dog battalions, to untold hours of indoctrination.

"Our greatest problem," admits a G.D.R. official in Frankfurt an der Oder, "has been educating the people to the fact that they are different from the Germans of the Federal Republic. They are building the first socialist state on German soil, and we want them to be proud



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THE WORLD

ble exception of the Albanians, the most isolated and in some ways the most xenophobic people in Europe.

The East Germans are truly Germans in at least one other respect—their stolidly bourgeois preoccupation with food and comfort. Recently the East Berlin regime began a concerted effort to increase the quantity and quality of consumer goods. Since Honecker exhorted the party in 1971—"to increase the material and cultural standard of the people"—*Neues Deutschland*, the party newspaper, has been filled with glowing reports of consumer production and has chided factories that continue to turn out shoddy goods. Centrum, East Berlin's giant department store, now refuses to give full payment to

ically if at all. A few blocks away there are buildings still in ruins from World War II air raids.

To most Westerners, East Germany is a colorless, Kafkaesque country, dominated by soldiers and bureaucrats and lacking any sense of fun. Despite the undeniable economic achievements of the East Germans and the surface gaiety of life in Leipzig or Dresden, the impression is largely correct. There is a defensiveness that boils over into hostility at the slightest unfavorable reaction by a visitor, followed by a memorized promotion of Communism's virtues. "It is not a stable political system," says Peter Ludz, a professor at the University of Bielefeld and one of West Germany's leading experts on the G.D.R. "It

bert Jung. In 1935 he was arrested by the Gestapo and sentenced to ten years in prison; he spent much of it in solitary confinement.

After the war, Honecker was put in charge of East Germany's Communist Youth Movement, which he turned into a paramilitary organization. By 1950 he was recognized as one of Walter Ulbricht's chosen few. A few years later he took command of the secret police, and in 1961 he was given the responsibility of building the Berlin Wall. Clearly the No. 2 man in East Germany by the early '60s, he was Ulbricht's obvious successor in 1971, when the Russians needed someone more pliable to further the policy of détente. In the two years since he took power, he has loosened a few of Ulbricht's moralistic dictums—rules against long hair and mod clothes, for instance—but in every important way he has remained as rigid as his master.

Soviet Deterrent. So long as the humorless, Moscow-lining Honecker regime stays in power, no one expects a repetition of the Polish riots or the dramatic 1953 workers' uprising in East Berlin. The presence of Soviet troops is one deterrent to revolt; another is the muscular visibility of East Germany's 90,000 soldiers and 46,000 border guards. The people, indeed, appear more resigned to their government now than at any previous time. As living standards rise, more and more East Germans will be able to claim, fairly enough, that their lives are not all that bad. As a result of its acceptance by the non-Communist world, the government appears to be more secure and more confident than it has ever been before. It is actively seeking business with the West, particularly the U.S., and is eager to exchange ambassadors, a move that will probably take place at the end of this year or early next year.

After years of seeking German reunification, the U.S. has resigned itself to the permanent existence of East Germany. Its basic hope, in the words of one State Department official, is "to make it more human." That is probably a forlorn hope. Honecker's government will under no circumstance allow the people to be tempted by anything more dangerous than blue jeans or bluegrass. Peter Hacks, the most important East German playwright since Bertolt Brecht, sums up the plight of his countrymen in his drama *The Troubles and the Power*.

*Take so much joy as your sorrows know.
Take so much abundance as
privation now
And paint with the gray shades of the
present
The future's dappled picture.*

In the dappled picture that is East Germany today, there is abundance as well as privation, some joy among the sorrows. But the present is painted in shades of gray.



AFTERNOON STROLLERS IN EAST BERLIN'S MODERNISTIC ALEXANDERPLATZ

state factories that deliver inferior merchandise.

Production has risen dramatically. East German factories turned out 442,000 refrigerators last year, for example, compared with only 191,500 ten years ago. But quality has remained at a low level. Except for optical goods and such choice export items as fiber-glass boats and camper iceboxes, nearly every East German product, from chewing gum to paint, is inferior to its Western equivalent. Distribution is bad, and shortages of even items like toilet paper are chronic. People still line up for such things as fruit—grapefruits are sold only to diabetics. Shoppers often return home empty-handed. "You always walk around with a pocketful of money," says a Leipzig woman, "because you never know what you may find in the shops." The main streets of East Germany's major cities, like East Berlin's Karl-Marx-Allee, are lined with imposing new shops and offices. But the Miami-modern architecture is wearing in its sameness; doors buckle, and elevators work errat-

simply is not supported by the masses. The regime's supporters number only in the hundreds of thousands—and these are its servants." When Willy Brandt visited East Germany in 1970 to meet with East German Premier Willi Stoph, he was, to the government's enormous chagrin, wildly cheered. He is undoubtedly the most popular man in East Germany today—possibly more popular than he is in his own country.

Mystery Man. In sharp contrast, East German Party Boss Honecker, 61, is something of a mystery man even to his own countrymen, who know of him dimly only as the perfect apparition. Born in the Saar, Germany's westernmost province, he was delivering party newspapers for his coal-miner father by the time he was eight. At 14, he was a member of the Young Communist League; four years later he took his first trip to Moscow to attend the Communist Youth International School. In 1933, after Hitler outlawed Germany's Communist Party, he became an underground organizer, under the name Her-



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MIDDLE EAST

Befuddled Fedayeen

For the past seven months, a major goal of the Palestinian guerrilla movement has been the release of Abu Daud, an Al-Fatah official, from a Jordanian prison. Last February he was arrested on charges of plotting against King Hussein's regime. A month later, a band of terrorists killed three Western diplomats in Khartoum in a gruesome attempt to force Daud's release. Early this month, another group of guerrillas threatened to throw hostages out of a plane over Saudi Arabia if Daud was not set free. Both times Hussein stood firm. But last week, with nobody holding a gun at his or anybody else's head, the King suddenly pardoned Daud.

Hussein, in fact, declared an amnesty for all Palestinian guerrillas and other political prisoners in Jordan except those convicted of murder or espionage. The pardoned numbered about 970, many of whom had been imprisoned since September 1970, when Jordan launched a drive to expel the fedayeen from its territory (which indirectly led to the founding of the murderous Black September movement). Hussein also extended amnesty to some 2,500 Palestinian guerrillas and others outside Jordan who had been convicted *in absentia* or were wanted for trial on political charges.

Long a man marked for assassination by Palestinian terrorists, Hussein insouciantly dramatized his forgiveness by sipping coffee with Daud and a few other guerrillas before their release. Outside Amman's dour Mahatta prison, in a swirling dust and under a blazing sun, hundreds of Palestinian refugees and sympathizers danced to the lilting music of a shepherd's flute as they waited for the first prisoners to be freed. En-

couraged by television cameramen, many in the crowd chanted "Long live King Hussein."

Hussein's amnesty pleased other Arab countries, as well as Palestinians living under Israeli rule on the West Bank of the Jordan River. Some congratulatory messages from West Bank mayors and other Arab notables were addressed to "His Majesty King Hussein the Great." But the fedayeen seemed befuddled by Hussein's shift and searched suspiciously for hidden motives.

Hardly anybody—Arab or Israeli—accepted Hussein's insistence that his decision had been made simply in the interests of "national unity." A more likely reason seemed to be the interests of international Arab unity. A week earlier, Hussein flew to Cairo for a summit meeting with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat and Syrian President Hafez Assad (TIME, Sept. 24). The meeting marked the end of Jordan's isolation by much of the Arab world, an isolation that had largely been brought about by Hussein's unrelenting hard line toward the fedayeen.

Egypt and Syria now apparently feel that a united Arab front against Israel is vital. Egypt officially welcomed Jordan back into the fold by resuming diplomatic relations with Amman, and Syria is expected to follow suit shortly. The royal pardon seemed to be Jordan's contribution to the reconciliation process, even though Hussein made it clear that fedayeen bands would not be free to operate within Jordanian borders.

Pretext Removed. Even the *quid pro quo* explanation did not satisfy the fedayeen. Understandably. At the same time that their major Arab enemy was tendering an olive branch, one of their most fervent supporters was getting tough. Syria last week curtailed many fedayeen activities within its borders, including some guerrilla training-camp operations; it also closed down a propaganda radio station and confiscated an issue of an official newspaper published by the Palestine Liberation Organization.

Western observers were also puzzled by the Syrian squeeze, especially its timing. One possible explanation is that the Arab nations are determined to contain the fedayeen as they make diplomatic efforts to bring pressure on Israel. What ever the reason, Jordan's amnesty decree at least removes a pretext for some of the terrorism that has hurt the Arab cause in world opinion. Syria's stiffening attitude was aimed at the less tractable fedayeen, and could be designed to build up the importance of the Syrian-dominated guerrilla group, As-Saiqa. If the pressure keeps up, Al-Fatah Leader Yasser Arafat, who also heads the P.L.O., the fedayeen's general front organization, may lose his already shaky grip on other guerrilla factions.

No fedayeen, though, may have been as troubled by the turn of events as Daud. During his imprisonment, he was presented on Jordanian television



CROWD AWAITING RELEASE OF PRISONERS

... a calculated amnesty.

"confessing" to guerrilla activities and identifying Black September as an arm of Al-Fatah. Other Al-Fatah officials insisted that the "confession" was somehow extorted by Jordan. But last week Israelis were putting out the line that Daud's fedayeen brothers really believed that he made the statements and were waiting to exact vengeance.

"He is ripe for a bullet in the back," said one intelligence source—although not by Israeli agents, he carefully added. But if Daud suddenly turns up dead, who will know who killed him? Not surprisingly, Daud, as soon as he left prison, slipped past newsmen and disappeared.

LAOS

A Prince for Peace

As world capitals go, Vientiane is well, a little different. The main boulevards are rutted dirt roads; water buffalo languidly nibble garbage in its gutters, and in the White Rose nightclub, bar girls dance naked with the customers. Vientiane's architectural showpiece, a soaring monument to the dead, is mockingly called the "great vertical runway"—not because it leads straight to heaven, but because it is made of concrete diverted from an airport improvement project. Yet for all its oddities, Vientiane is the only Southeast Asian capital where real progress is currently being made toward ending hostilities.

The instrument of peace is a protocol agreement on reconciliation signed this month by representatives of the Laotian government and the pro-Communist Lao Patriotic Forces, formerly known as the Pathet Lao. The meticulously detailed accord establishes a provisional coalition government in which each side will have five Cabinet ministers, including a Deputy Premier apiece. The pres-



JORDAN'S KING HUSSEIN
In the interests of Arab unity ...



PRINCE SOUVANNA PHOUMA
The best man for both sides.

ent Laotian government will retain five portfolios—finance, defense, interior, health and education. The Communists will be in charge of foreign affairs, information, public works and transportation, economic planning, tourism and religion. (Nearly all Laotians are Buddhist, including most of the Communists.) The top post of Premier will go to an individual who is "not affiliated with either one of the two parties." He is certain to be neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma, 72, who has ruled Laos, if anyone can be said to have done so, for 17 of the past 20 years. A permanent government is to be chosen in general elections, though no date is mentioned. King Savang Vatthana, who is revered by leftists and rightists alike, will remain Laos' constitutional monarch.

Although two previous attempts at setting up a coalition government for Laos (in 1957 and 1962) ended in failure, many foreign diplomats believe that the new accord has a good chance of succeeding. For one thing, the languid, peace-loving Laotians have been steadily involved in the Southeast Asia war since the mid-1960s, and clearly are more than ready to see an end to hostilities. One hopeful sign: the number of reported military incidents has dropped from a high of 223 a week last February to about three or four a week. Yet another favorable omen is that Hanoi raised no obstacles to the settlement, and both Hanoi and Peking are preparing to return their ambassadors to Vientiane.

Two of Laos' near neighbors, Thailand and South Viet Nam, are clearly worried about the impact of a neutralist government in Vientiane. By contrast, Washington is taking a wait-and-see attitude. One provision of the protocol calls for the withdrawal of all foreign troops from Laos—meaning about 200 American "experts," 8,000

U.S.-paid Thai mercenaries and North Vietnamese troops now estimated to number 60,000. American military advisers see no reason why the North Vietnamese should not comply. As one U.S. military expert puts it, "they can be back in Laos in 48 hours." Moreover, the North Vietnamese are no longer wholly dependent on the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos as a supply route to South Viet Nam. Highway 14 across the Communist-controlled DMZ has been re-opened.

Both Communist and non-Communist Laotians are looking to Souvanna Phouma for guidance. He is expected to shortly announce the convening of a joint commission charged with carrying out the peace agreement. According to Souvanna, the coalition government will be formed by Oct. 10. He believes that the threat of a Communist takeover in Laos has been exaggerated. "The Laotian people," he confided to friends, "are too easygoing to be Communists."

FLAGS

Up with Vexillology

Vexillology sounds rather like an obscure branch of tropical medicine, which for the vexillologists of the world must be rather vexing. But the almost universal ignorance of the discipline is understandable, since it is so new. Vexillology, the study of flags, has only just fluttered into the dictionaries, and as 57 delegates from 14 nations gathered in London last week for the Fifth International Congress of Vexillology, the mood was unmistakable: today Webster's, tomorrow the world. For the rampant proliferation of flags round the world has established vexillology as a new fast-growth enterprise.

The founder and chief prophet of vexillology, Political Scientist Whitney Smith, coined the word from the Latin *vexillum*, or military standard. Smith set up the Flag Research Center in Win-

chester, Mass., to keep tabs on all the new national emblems and to provide a learned voice on the aesthetics of flag design. The time was the early 1960s, when the newly independent nations of Africa were running such a profusion of new standards up the flagpole that it was impossible to know what to salute. Today the goal of his organization is to introduce new standards of quality in flag-making to a world still mired in vexillological primitivism.

Ideally, vexillologists would like to see a kind of central consulting agency set up for flag designers of fledgling nations. In this way, they argue, the world might be spared embarrassing errors, as when Indonesia in 1945 unfurled a new flag of red and white bars that turned out to be both an exact replica of the ensign that Monaco has flown since the 13th century and the Polish flag upside down. As a model of what a flag ought to be, Smith points to that of Guyana: a boldly simple design with a red triangle and a gold arrowhead on a green field. It just happens that the banner was designed by Smith himself. "I wrote to [Guyana's former Prime Minister] Cheddi Jagan, as I always do to leaders of newly independent countries, and sent in a design," he recalls. "Nothing was heard for a while until finally a Guyanese flag arrived in the mail, and I said, 'My God, that's my flag.'"

It might be argued that vexillologists, being relative latecomers to the flag scene, have already missed most of the action. Not so, the vexillologists insist. There are new nations in the making all the time, and there are old ones that could stand a change of banner. The U.S., with its stars grown altogether out of hand, could well be placed in the latter category. A return to the original thirteen stars would, the vexillologists say, "be a fine birthday present for the U.S. at its bicentennial." Not to mention pleasing to the seventh congress of vexillologists, which is scheduled for 1977 in Philadelphia.

VEXILLOGISTS SHOWING FLAGS AT INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE IN LONDON



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NIXON & PAKISTAN'S PRIME MINISTER CHATTING IN WASHINGTON

PAKISTAN

Tilting with Bhutto

For a man who has spent the past 21 months busily trying to revive and inspire his defeated country, Pakistani Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was remarkably relaxed on his state visit to Washington last week. Proposing a toast at a White House dinner, he noted that his discussions with President Nixon had covered economic, cultural and military affairs. "The cultural and military matters got intertwined," he joked, "perhaps because Dr. Kissinger was there." Some of the heavy U.S. artillery had already been committed, Bhutto added. "Jill St. John is booked for the Soviet Union. Raquel Welch is earmarked for China." Pakistan? It was down for Talullah Bankhead (who died in 1968). Laughingly, Bhutto concluded: "Our interest is not in obsolete spare parts but in red-hot weapons."

Though his taste in humor might be questioned, Bhutto's allusion was clear: his talks with Nixon had failed to change the U.S. arms policy toward Pakistan, which is anxious to replace matériel lost in the 1971 Indo-Pakistani war. The U.S. shipment of armored personnel carriers during the conflict provoked charges that Washington was favoring Pakistan. The Administration denied it—until Columnist Jack Anderson leaked the now famous memo quoting Henry Kissinger as saying, "The President wants to tilt in favor of Pakistan." The U.S. currently supplies Bhutto with "nonlethal" equipment such as trucks, uniforms and spare parts, and will consider requests for ammunition only on a case-by-case basis. Actually, Nixon's firm stand against supplying weapons probably did not surprise Bhutto. Before leaving Islamabad, he had warned: "I do not want my visit to be represented simply as an arms-buying trip."

So what else was it? Essentially, it

was part of Bhutto's drive to restore respect for Pakistan both at home and abroad. The visit underscored Washington's continued policy of tilting in favor of Pakistan, since Nixon did promise Bhutto economic and political support. At the same time, Washington managed to avoid alarming New Delhi. After Nixon refused to supply Pakistan with new arms, the Indian press congratulated him for not being "taken in" by Bhutto.

India was less pleased, though, with Bhutto's declaration to the United Nations last week that Pakistan would oppose the admission of Bangladesh until all Pakistani prisoners of war are returned. Indian Foreign Minister Swaran Singh accused Bhutto of making "a crude attempt to nibble" at the agreement signed by India and Pakistan last month for the exchange of all prisoners except 195 charged with war crimes.

SWEDEN

A King with the Times

With a flourish of the pomp and ceremony that his single-class country paradoxically enjoys, curly-haired Carl Gustaf Folke Hubertus Bernadotte was formally installed last week as King Carl XVI Gustaf of Sweden. At 27, the handsome bachelor is Europe's youngest monarch; he succeeds the oldest, his grandfather Gustaf VI Adolf, who had died four days earlier at the age of 90. Speaking from an ermine-draped silver throne, Carl Gustaf solemnly swore that he would "seek to do all within our power to further the veritable weal and welfare of the realm and its every inhabitant." He proclaimed that his royal motto would be: "For Sweden—With the Times."

Those times may be a-changing. The day after Gustaf Adolf died, Sweden's Social Democratic Party suffered one of its biggest electoral setbacks since it

came to power 41 years ago and started turning the country into a welfare state. Hurt by voter discontent over unemployment, the world's highest income taxes and soaring inflation, the government bloc, which includes a smattering of Communist supporters, emerged from a national election with exactly the same number of seats—175—as the three-party, nonsocialist opposition. First reports had indicated that the Social Democrats would squeak through with a bare two-vote majority.

Though Prime Minister Olof Palme seems determined to cling to office, he may have some problems. Until a new constitution goes into effect in 1975, the only way to break a tied vote in the one-chamber legislature is by lottery. According to an unusual provision of Sweden's current constitution, tie votes in the Riksdag are resolved by placing one *yes* and one *no* ballot in an urn; under the watchful eye of two legislators representing both sides, a third Riksdag member draws one of the tickets from the urn to decide the fate of the bill.

Theoretically, the new young king could get involved in the political crisis. He still has the limited power that his grandfather once used: to call political leaders in and command one to attempt to form a new government, and to perform such traditionally kingly duties as opening Parliament. Chances are that Carl Gustaf will prefer to ride with the times, rather than direct them. Under the new constitution, he will not even have a choice. The monarchy will be stripped of virtually all its powers and Carl Gustaf's role will become symbolic and ceremonial. He will no longer, for example, have the authority to appoint new governments, endorse legislation, or be commander in chief of the armed forces. One personally important right that the somewhat shy, sports-loving new king will retain: he can choose his own queen.



SWEDEN'S CARL XVI GUSTAF Riding, not directing.



ELIZABETH DROPS IN



QUINN & BRADLEE MAKE PLANS

When a blonde ex-Junior Leaguer named **Sally Quinn** admitted during a job interview at the *Washington Post* that she had never actually written anything, the executive editor joked, "Well, nobody's perfect." Nevertheless, **Ben Bradlee** hired her and carefully molded her into a *Post* feature writer. Eight weeks ago he had to relinquish her to the greater power base of the *CBS Morning News* opposite **Barbara Walters** (TIME, Aug. 20). Sally moved to Manhattan and the apartment of her long-time friend, Warren Hoge, city editor of the *New York Post*. But soon she moved out again (Hoge had also been seeing Socialite **Amanda Burden**). Now it seems Bradlee, 52, has decided to look after his Galatea, 32. Parted from Tony,



PRIMA DONNA MARIA CALLAS BOWS OUT IN LONDON

his wife of 17 years and the mother of two of his children, he plans to marry Sally as soon as he gets his divorce.

After months of playing **Martha Mitchell's** outbursts against **John Mitchell's** stiff upper lip, followers of the drama are now convinced that the end game has begun. In a phone call to U.P.I.'s Helen Thomas, Martha said that the former Attorney General had left their Manhattan apartment for a destination unknown to her. Winzola McLendon, a friend of Martha's who stayed with her after John's departure, revealed that the couple were communicating only through their lawyers. As for Martha's allegedly disturbed state of mind, the lady spoke for herself. Appearing on NBC in her first television interview in two years, Martha insisted she was all right, declaring "I've never been committed to anything but... the good of my country."

The Dassault Mystère 20 carrying Love Empress **Elizabeth Taylor**, 41, touched down at Spain's San Sebastián airport in plenty of time for the star to make the local premiere of her movie *Night Watch*. But there was the problem of the car: it wasn't the regulation Rolls. And then, she had to make a call to Los Angeles. Finally, she had to put on her green and gold sari to prepare herself for the adulation of her fans. But the crowd, whom she had kept waiting for 90 minutes, had other ideas. They booed, hissed and hurled insults at her, and the local paper delivered the *coup de grâce* the next day. "She is old," it declared, "and the complications of her sentimental life have taken their toll."

A soprano cannot always be *prima donna assoluta*, but **Maria Callas**, 49, does not stop behaving like one. With only three days to go before her first concert in eight years, Callas bowed out with an eye infection, plunging London Impresario Sandor Gorlinsky and 3,000 fans, some of whom had paid over £100 a ticket on the black market,

into *purgatorio*. Before her vision clouded, however, Callas had seen Gorlinsky schedule her old archrival Soprano **Renata Tebaldi**, 51, for a London recital just 17 days after her own comeback. Perhaps deciding not to waste any of her remaining high Cs in what looked suspiciously like aria-to-aria combat, Callas withdrew into doctor-ordered seclusion until rehearsals start for her second scheduled Royal Festival Hall appearance on Nov. 26.

The acoustic problems that echoed through New York's Philharmonic Hall long after it was built in 1962 seem to be solved, but fiscal difficulties persist. Thus music lovers heard with relief that **Avery Fisher**, 67, a pioneer manufacturer of hi-fi components, has given an estimated \$10 million to maintain what now becomes Avery Fisher Hall, and the fourth Lincoln Center building named for benefactors. Philanthropist **Vivian Beaumont Allen** gave \$5,000,000, Arts Patron **Alice Tully**, an estimated \$5,000,000, and **Mitzi Newhouse**, wife of Publisher **Samuel I. Newhouse**, \$1,000,000. Other cultural institutions named for wealthy donors are the **Elmer Holmes Bobst Library** at New York University, the **J. Paul Getty Museum of Art** in Malibu, Calif., and the **Dorothy Chandler Pavilion** at the Los Angeles Music Center. But the greatest benefactor of all prefers anonymity: only a bronze plaque at Lincoln Center honors **John D. Rockefeller III**, whose \$20 million seed money turned the idea into reality.

"It's a courageous buy, a great buy," said Manhattan Art Collector **Ben Heller**. No question about it, the Australian National Gallery's \$2,000,000 bid for a 1952 Jackson Pollock abstraction owned by Heller is an audacious, if not inflationary purchase. The painting, *Blue Poles*, is a typical Pollock skein of blue and black dribbles. Previously, the highest sum paid for an American painting was for another Pollock by the Museum of Modern Art. Its rumored price tag: a mere \$350,000.

PEOPLE

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HARLEM'S HEADMASTER CARPENTER

Vale, Harlem Prep

It was opening day last week at the rehabilitated supermarket known as Harlem Prep, and some 400 would-be students gathered in the auditorium beneath a large sign bearing their African motto: *Moja. Logo* (brotherhood, unity). Headmaster Edward F. Carpenter greeted them with a somber announcement—they had come for nothing, no new students would be accepted. "We thought we were producing here, and we thought we would be rewarded," said Carpenter. "But we have no money. We can't take you."

So ended, apparently, one of the nation's most enterprising experiments in private schooling for the dropouts of the ghetto. Harlem Prep was born in 1967 out of a mixture of inner-city violence, white guilt and black hope. At a time when 65% of New York's black and Puerto Rican students were dropping out before finishing high school, not even the vast promises of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society legislation seemed to be providing enough immediate help. So Eugene Callender, a Harlem minister and local executive director of the Urban League, recruited a white college dropout and three nuns and opened his school in a vacant armory. Within a year, aided by \$350,000 given to the Urban League by six corporations and foundations (which later grew to some \$50), Callender had organized 49 students into Harlem's own tuition-free Exeter, complete with blue blazers.

Those were symbols, but the whole idea of Harlem Prep was to alter the basic prospects of ghetto dropouts. Instead of routine vocational courses, half-

heartedly taught, Harlem Prep stressed college-level math and English, economics and biology. It did not grant a diploma until a student had been accepted into college.

"We'll help anyone as long as he's not an addict," said Callender's successor, Edward Carpenter, 43, a veteran math teacher. He alternately cajoled, encouraged and threatened his pupils. "Nobody hears the word dropout or delinquent around here," he told them, "but this is a workshop, not a picture gallery. If you don't want to work, don't come."

At the same time, the rules were flexible, the discipline light. "People didn't force you to do anything," recalls Jacqueline Williams, 20, who came to Harlem Prep last year when she was "discharged" from her public school, because, she explains, "I talked back to teachers.

Here you don't get suspended if you don't work, but somehow, when it's up to you, you feel a real push to learn and get on." According to Math Teacher Erskine Keary: "We don't give our kids just one chance. We give them three and four—as many as they need."

In six years, 637 of the 1,100 students who attended Harlem Prep went on to college, some to Harvard, Radcliffe, Vassar, Brown and the University of California. But in those same years, the anxiety over ghetto upheavals has also decreased, and so has the concern of private donors. About half of Harlem Prep's supporters have turned to other programs. Says Exxon's Spokesman Richard F. Neblett: "Most corporations structure their grants to demonstrate innovation. They can't fund an independent program ad infinitum."

Sensitive Spirit. After the announcement that the school could take no new applicants, students set out with tin cans to seek donations from the neighborhood. It was a futile gesture (previous drives have raised merely 5% of the school's expenses). The only solution, apparently, lies in the public school system to which Harlem Prep was supposed to provide an alternative. The school board has agreed to take over the school—provided that it obeys the rules. Meanwhile, unpaid teachers are continuing classes for the 180 seniors who hope to graduate this year.

If Harlem Prep survives, after negotiations with the board, there will undoubtedly be changes. Only three of the school's 19 teachers have New York City certification, for example. Carpenter himself lacks the administrative credentials required for principals. If the

standard public school rules are applied to Harlem Prep, security guards will patrol the halls, absent students will be considered delinquent, and anyone over 21 can be barred (Harlem Prep has taken students as old as 28). While board spokesmen have said that they are sensitive to the spirit of Harlem Prep, one official has already suggested that it might be moved from the brightly lit supermarket to a drab, vacant public school near by.

To some, these changes seem hardly tragic. If the city guarantees the basic financing, some former donors like Exxon and the Ford Foundation indicate that they would again provide special help. Says Exxon's Neblett: "It is important that alternative techniques of education be part of the public schools. The system should adapt and incorporate change." Others are less sanguine. "All you need to do is to look at the problems in other schools to know what's going to happen here," says Math Teacher Keary. "The public schools just don't work for these kids."

Women: Still Unequal

"Women have intellectual abilities equal to men's." With that ringing truism, the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education last week launched its latest report, *Opportunities for Women in Higher Education*. "What a great start!" muttered one of the reporters assembled at a press conference in Boston. The

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EDUCATION

commission's chairman, Clark Kerr, was unruffled. "We know that, of course," he said, "but we had to make the statement because not all men accept it."

Begun nearly three years ago, the 282-page report has "more basic information and better statistics" than any of the commission's 19 previous studies, says Kerr, former president of the University of California. Women continue to constitute "the largest unused supply of superior intelligence in the United States." With each step up the academic ladder, their participation decreases. Women are 50.4% of high school graduates, 43% of college graduates, but only 13% of those receiving doctorates. Less than one-fourth of all college-level faculty members are women, only 8.6% full professors. The gap between the sexes in faculty salaries for comparable positions averages \$1,500 to \$2,000 a year.

The remedy, says the commission, is nothing less than the removal of "all improper barriers to the advancement of women: an active search for their talents; and a special consideration of their problems and for their contributions." This means change at every level, from more math for schoolgirls (so they can enter science and engineering programs in college) to tenure for part-time faculty women (so they can combine careers and families).

Distressing Aspect. The most controversial conclusion of the commission's report may be its endorsement, after a decade of increasing coeducation, of women's colleges. "All the Carnegie reports have favored diversity, not homogeneity, in American higher education," says Kerr, "but we have found special advantages in these schools for women." The report cites recent research which shows that a high proportion of successful women are graduates of single-sex colleges. In such institutions, they tend to speak up more in class, hold more positions of leadership, and have more women teachers and administrators to emulate. At women's colleges students also are more likely to enter such traditionally "male" fields as science. Recalling his own college days at coed Swarthmore, Kerr said, "We men felt the girls there were brighter than we were, but we felt the girls at Bryn Mawr were even brighter."

What Kerr calls "the most distressing aspect of this report" is the commission's estimate that women cannot possibly achieve academic equality "until about the year 2000." Today, when new college teachers are still being hired, there are not enough women available with the right training. In the '80s sagging enrollments will reduce the need for new professors, and "pressing for more women faculty will be like pressing for more women conductors on passenger trains." Not until the 1990s, when enrollments are expected to rise again, can women really expect to catch up. Says the commission, "This is a task for a generation of effort."



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To show these little slides at their best, there's the Kodak pocket Carousel projector. It's only a little over 8-inches square. Yet the slide tray holds 120 slides. (You can also show

Pocket slides on a 2 x 2 projector using special slide adapters and, preferably, a 2 1/2 or 3" lens.)

See the Pocket 60 at your photo dealer's. It's less than \$138. Price includes a 110-size film cartridge.



**Kodak pocket
Instamatic 60 camera.**



"File Now, Die Later"

U.P.I. Correspondent Steve Yolen and four staffers were pinned down in their office for 36 hours, dodging hundreds of bullets fired through their windows. Stewart Russell of Reuters was arrested as a suspected sniper and transported in an open truck through heavy firing in downtown Santiago. Ari Rath, managing editor of the *Jerusalem Post* and a veteran of the Six-Day War, was hit by shrapnel on his way to his bathroom in the Carrera-Sheraton Hotel. Two students from the Catholic University in Santiago, members of a Chilean camera crew that got out the first film of the revolution, were shot to death

ROBERTO V. LARREA

Four days passed before the first TV film of the coup got through. Nine days passed from the firing of the first shots at the presidential palace until any newsmen waiting outside Chile were allowed in. Despite the problems, however, most of the critical facts did get through, thanks to the ingenuity and persistence—and occasional lucky breaks—of the handful of foreign correspondents in Santiago. Reporters were able to make brief contact with Buenos Aires on a telephone line cutting through the Argentine town of Mendoza near the Chilean border. Through this route first bulletins about the revolt were flashed to wire services and newspapers round the world. The new government permitted film shot by the Catholic University crew to be transmitted to Mexico and the U.S. by satellite. The exclusive footage sold for \$15,000 per station in some areas when it was finally fed out of Chile.

Two Mexican newsmen—one in Chile and one in Mexico City—scored coups of their own. Manuel Mejido managed to get into the Mexican embassy in Santiago. He was able to interview Chileans taking refuge there, including Mrs. Salvador Allende. He got his story out with a call through Mendoza to the Argentine news agency Telam, which then filed to Mexico. TV Commentator Jacobo Zabludovsky called the embassy from Mexico City and broadcast a twelve-minute interview with Mrs. Allende before she left Chile.

Signed Copies. Just when it seemed that some mobility and communication would be restored for reporters in Santiago, the junta introduced censorship. Quickly labeled "file now, die later" by the journalists, the system required reporters to deposit signed copies of all their files with the censor for possible use as "judicial evidence." The punishment for "false" reporting, spokesmen said, might be "the opposite of being thrown out." At the Transradio telex office in Santiago, an amiable military officer serving as censor was so anxious to avoid talk about "revolution" that he cut out references to it in a personal message that one correspondent sent to a colleague in Tokyo. When TIME Correspondent Charles Eisen-drath relayed his file via the fragile Mendoza connection and turned in a copy to the censor, he was told: "We know all about your file. Naval intelligence was listening closely." Eisen-drath protested the intimidation in a conversation with two army officers, arguing that journalists find it hard to report fairly while under duress. He was told to take his complaint to General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte, the junta leader whom Eisen-drath was waiting to see. After his interview with Pinochet, censorship was lifted.

Journalists trying to enter the coun-

try, meanwhile, were totally frustrated. One Associated Press editor in New York phoned an A.P. reporter: "I see there is a lot of water around Chile. Have you considered going in by boat?" Indeed that had been considered, along with parachuting, chartering small planes, and going through mountain passes that might or might not have been guarded. All such schemes were abandoned as too dangerous.

Last week those who had been waiting in Argentina were able to fly into Santiago, carrying with them salamis, hams, chocolate and liquor. How easy a time they will have is uncertain. The junta hardly seems hospitable to the press, foreign or domestic. Even after censorship was lifted, three journalists, Marlene Simons from the *Washington Post*, Georges Dupuy from *Le Figaro* and Pierre Kalfon of *Le Monde*, were arrested for stories they had written. They were later released. And, of the nine Chilean papers published before the coup, only three were permitted to appear last week.

Vacuum in St. Louis

Transit strikes, blizzards and brown-outs can make urban life an ordeal, but nothing hurts a city in quite so many subtle ways as a newspaper strike. St. Louis, bereft of the morning *Globe-Democrat* and the afternoon *Post-Dispatch* for five weeks, was painfully counting new losses with each passing day.

The stoppage's most tangible effect has been a slowdown in the city's social life and economy. Organizations from the Boy Scouts to the Elks are having trouble publicizing meeting dates. Movie attendance has dropped off by a third since theater listings were blacked out. An auction house canceled several sessions. Good jobs in eastern Missouri are going begging for prospects because there are no classified ads, and one large employment agency reported a 20% decrease in applications. Real estate brokers are getting fewer weekend browsers. News of births, marriages and deaths is hard to find. Retail businesses, caught without a window for their ads, have experienced a dramatic drop in trade. "It's murder," complains one shopper downtown. "You can't tell where the sales are."

Like Locusts. The biggest loss for St. Louis, though, is the news itself. Whether a reader is interested in sports or stocks, Watergate or the city council, he has been having trouble keeping abreast. The *Globe-Democrat* and the *Post-Dispatch* have a combined circulation of over 600,000. The supply of alternative information sources falls far short of demand.

The unsatisfied appetite for news during the strike is reflected by a locust-like attack on anything printed. News-



BULLET-RIDDLED U.P.I. OFFICE
A nightmare for reporters.

—by accident, the new government said later.

Covering the news—and running for cover—during Chile's coup turned out to be a nightmare for reporters inside and outside the shaken nation. Curfews, censorship and closed frontiers conspired to bottle up the story. Satellite communications went dead moments after the coup started. Telephone lines to Buenos Aires were tightly restricted and monitored by the military, creating a backlog of 2,000 calls at one point. Air traffic in and out of Santiago was halted, telex lines were cut. For the scores of frustrated reporters waiting outside Chile, the obstacles were nothing less than the towering Andes and the treacherous passage around Cape Horn.

Why Rex Walters uses a Pitney Bowes postage meter to mail a dozen letters a day.



In the midst of an assortment of swings, slides, jungle gyms and teeter-tottlers on N.W. Tenth in Oklahoma City is the cinder-block bungalow that houses the administrative office of the company that makes and distributes them. And that's the Rex Sales Company, Inc.

Just about all it takes to fill that bungalow are its two desks and the men behind them, Rex Walters and Joe Gillenwater.

The heavy-duty playground equipment and toys that the staff of 3 or 4 turns out in a nearby building go to elementary schools, nursery schools, parks, apartment houses, and of course, some private individuals.

Business correspondence with these customers was posing a problem for Rex since it's tough to send

out mail when you've lost or misplaced your stamps. Which Rex found he was constantly doing.

Worst of all, of course, were the times he had stamps, but in the wrong denominations. (Sort of like having two aspirins, but no water.)

So to stamp and seal all the company's statements, invoices, and general correspondence, Rex rented out their little desk model postage meter.

The convenience he needed, he got. But he got some other benefits, too.

As Rex says, "Not only don't I have to worry about having the right amount of stamps any more, in the right denominations, but I don't have to worry about licking and applying them, either. And I make a lot fewer trips to the Post Office."

But Rex is particularly pleased that the meter imprint makes his mail "neater and more professional-looking."

And he hasn't changed his mind about it in six years.

If you'd like to spend less time going to and from the Post Office, write Pitney Bowes, 1297 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904 or call one of our 190 offices throughout the U.S. and Canada. Postage Meters, Mailing Equipment, Copiers, Counters and Imprinters, Addresser-Printers, Labeling and Marking Systems.



Pitney Bowes

Because business travels
at the speed of paper.



STRIKING TEAMSTER

Painfully counting new losses with each passing day.



EMPTY VENDING MACHINE

magazines, the *Wall Street Journal* and other national publications sell out within hours of hitting the stands. On a recent Sunday morning at a suburban newsstand, readers lined up in the rain to buy out-of-town papers. They brought folding chairs for the long wait; enterprising teen-agers hawked coffee and doughnuts. When 1,100 copies of the *New York Times* went on sale, they were snapped up in less than an hour. Five hundred Chicago papers, sold by scalpers at more than twice the regular price, were gone in less than 30 minutes. When nothing else remained, one desperate man bought a week-old Chicago *Tribune*. "I don't care," he told the newsdealer. "I'll read anything."

To reduce the news vacuum in St. Louis, as well as supplement their weekly maximum of \$65 in strike benefits, some of the unemployed journalists have pooled resources to publish a strike paper. *St. Louis Today* made its debut the third week of the strike, but the thrice-weekly tabloid, lacking Associated Press and United Press International service, has done little to relieve the news shortage. The 40 volunteers, working out of a vacant classroom where school desks substitute for work tables, have offered readers stories on Amtrack and the Gainesville Eight instead of concentrating on local news. The paper has been further handicapped by the nationwide shortage of newsprint, which has limited the press run to 50,000.

Radio Comics. The *St. Louis Argus*, a well-established black weekly, has ventured beyond black-oriented coverage and discovered a new audience in white neighborhoods. Circulation has tripled, to 100,000, and ad revenue is up 60%. An eleven-paper chain of suburban weeklies, reporting a threefold increase in ad income, has started to publish twice a week. CBS TV affiliate KMOX has expanded news coverage by 30 min-

utes at noon. KMOX radio has beefed up its news staff with a dozen out-of-work newsmen and offers Stan Musial reading the comic strips on its a.m. report.

But even Stan the Man can't give St. Louis the one thing it really wants—an end to the strike. Nor, it seems, can negotiators for the striking Teamsters union and the papers. The main issue is automation—a new multimillion-dollar *Post-Dispatch* printing plant has made obsolete the jobs of some of the 32 Teamsters who load papers on and off delivery trucks. Last week the *Globe-Democrat* went to court to seek a settlement, and Mayor John P. Moorer said he would step in to mediate the strike. Meanwhile the readers wait. "You don't know how much you miss the papers," says St. Louis Cab Driver Mecklin Wilson, "until they're gone."

Op-Editor in Pink

There is no better sampling of opinion in daily U.S. journalism than the three-year-old Op-Ed page of the *New York Times*. It carries the regular columnists of the *Times* plus outside contributors both obscure and famous. Such disparate commentators as Warren Burger, Casey Stengel and Alexander Solzhenitsyn find a place along with college students and soldiers.

The page's reach is a reflection of its first editor, Harrison Salisbury, who won a Pulitzer Prize as a Moscow correspondent, has written or edited 17 books, and is considered one of the more cerebral journalists of his generation. Now about to turn 65, Salisbury is retiring, and last week the *Times* chose a surprising successor: Charlotte Curtis, the peppery editor of the paper's Family Style section.

"Charlotte Curtis is the best possible person to fill this job," said Editorial Page Editor John Oakes. "She is

really in touch with modern life and modern civilization." Indeed, she has transformed the *Times*'s predictable women's page into a provocative section about the way people live. But does she have the heavyweight credentials to take over Salisbury's job? "I majored in American politics and history at Vassar," she says. "What we wear, the way we eat, how we live—these are all commentaries on the political scene. Now, on Op-Ed, I'll be going at it in a more classical fashion." The fashion she foresees for the page includes "significant different ideas" from west of the Hudson. "I'd like to find someone as imaginative as John Kenneth Galbraith who hasn't been discovered yet," she says. Wit is something else she will seek, though she notes, "This is not the time to worry about the price of caviar."

Pithy Style. Curtis, 44, has come a long way covering caviar and its consumers. She started her newspaper career as a women's reporter for the *Columbus Citizen* (now *Citizen-Journal*), and joined the *Times* in 1961, becoming women's news editor in 1965. She is known for her pithy writing style, and often tartly exposes the foibles of the jet set. Her scrapbook includes a satiric report on a meeting of high-powered feminists that was thrown into an uproar when one of the participants decided to go topless, and a story on Willie Morris' fall from the editorship of *Harper's* that brilliantly exposed the machinations of the publishing business and "the literary pack" in New York. When she is not working, Curtis heads to Cleveland, where her husband, Dr. William Hunt, lives. When she moves to the *Times*'s editorial offices on Jan. 1, she will become the highest-placed woman editor in *Times* history. That will not stop her from taking along her pink evening gown. "I won't need it as often," she says. "But I'll still need it."



EDITOR CHARLOTTE CURTIS
A surprise selection.

The first true self-adjusting color set ever.

The amazing Sylvania GT-Matic.



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**So automatic we
lock up the controls.**

If you've seen Perry Como describe this new Sylvania color set on TV, you know what we have here.

You may never
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GT-Matic™ picture or color.

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Special memory circuits are designed to constantly correct your pictures for brightness, contrast, tint, color level, even vertical and horizontal hold. GT-Matic watches the picture while you watch the program.

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(Everything you want in color TV—100% solid state, ChroMatrix II™ picture tube—and GT-Matic, too.)



No "handy" color button
Or vertical button
Or tint button
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Please do not try to help.

Just turn it on and change channels. The GT-Matic set is not only preset by us—it resets itself to help take care of all sorts of problems: airplanes, man-made electrical noise, even many transmitter problems. Sizes are 19", 21" and 25" (diagonal) and you have 24 models to choose from.

Take it from Perry Como: "GTE Sylvania's invented nothing to do."

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So automatic the controls are locked inside.
(Perry Como in a scene from his latest commercial.)

Introducing the 1974 Chrysler. A totally new expression of an idea that has never changed.

From its beginning, the Chrysler has been designed with the idea that it should be an automobile of exceptional comfort and convenience.



An automobile of integrity.

And beauty.

And these are the very things we had in mind when we designed the new Chrysler New Yorker.

We gave it an altogether new shape and appearance.

From its stunning grille, to its sleek side, to its broad, handsome rear deck and taillights, the car is truly new.

There's a quiet to this car that, quite naturally, you expect of such a fine car. And yet, the dimension of its quiet is something you really have to experience to believe.

Inside the New Yorker, there's a distinctive instrument panel—easy-to-reach and completely redesigned. The New Yorker Brougham's instrument panel has subtle details like a windshield washer fluid indicator, door-ajar warning light and tiny light-emitting diodes (warning signals built into the fuel, alternator and temperature gauges). You can even order an electronic digital clock whose accuracy is determined by a quartz crystal.

Finally, steel-belted radial tires, power disc brakes, power steering and TorqueFlite automatic transmission are all standard. Chrysler also has an Electronic Ignition System that virtually eliminates tune-ups.

And, of course, all Chryslers run on regular gas.

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See it at your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer's.



Interior does not display standard safety belts.

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Extra care in engineering...it makes a difference.





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For four generations we've been making medicines as if people's lives depended on them.



ELI LILLY AND COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS

A Sex Poll (1892-1920)

Sex surveys, it turns out, are nothing new. Between 1892 and 1920, 47 middle-class American women answered an explicit questionnaire passed around by a Stanford researcher, physician and biologist, Clelia Duel Mosher. This spring Stanford Historian Carl Degler, while doing research on women's history, unearthed the surprisingly unrestrained 650-page document in the Stanford library.

"The frankness of the answers is remarkable," Degler said last week, "when we note that 70% of the women who filled out the questionnaire were born before 1870 and 25% before the Civil War." Indeed, the women responded without a blush to questions such as "Do you habitually sleep with your husband? What is your habit of intercourse? Do you always have a venereal orgasm?"

To the question about orgasm, 13 of the women said "Always," 13 said "Sometimes" and 11 said "Never." Of course such a small sampling, though interesting, does not constitute the last scientific word on Victorian sexuality. The study's certain value lies in its uniqueness and extensive quotations from Victorian women openly discussing their intimate lives and cravings.

One typically torn woman, a wife for seven years by 1892, considered the ideal sexual routine to be "total abstinence with intercourse for reproduction only"—although she usually had an orgasm when she slept with her husband, and the next day felt "exceedingly well." It seemed to her, however, that abstinence "would not be healthful for all people." At least, she added, "until human nature is different from what it is now."

Complete Harmony. Another woman who insisted that sex as often as once a week was too frequent for her health, nevertheless thought that "physical union possibly is necessary to complete harmony between two people." Was intercourse necessary to a man? "Depends on early training in self-control," answered one wife who limited her own intercourse to six to eight times a year.

A graduate of Ripon College reported that she and her husband "sleep together in the winter and apart in summer." A Radcliffe graduate, one year married, although she "cared for" sex, felt it was "more wholesome to sleep alone and avoid the temptation of too frequent intercourse."

By no means did all the women in the Mosher study suffer over sex. A normal school graduate had orgasms, after which she felt "very sleepy and comfy, with none of the disgust as I have heard it described." Her ideal, however, was "once a month when both feel well. And in the daylight." A Stanford woman ad-

mitted that she enjoyed sex weekly, but commented that it served "a higher purpose than physical enjoyment. Simply sweeps you out of everything that is commonplace and everyday. A strength to go on."

A Sex Poll (1973)

Since its first issue in 1953, *Playboy* magazine has been trumpeting the triumph of the sexual revolution. Still, no matter how many times Editor Hugh Hefner interred American puritanism in innumerable installments of the *Playboy* Philosophy, he could never prove that the national libido has been unshackled. Consequently, Hefner turned toward the somewhat surer ground of statistics, and through the Playboy Foundation, funded the most wide-ranging U.S. poll since Alfred Kinsey's famous studies of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* in 1948 and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* in 1953. *Playboy's* findings: over the past 25 years "there have been dramatic increases in the frequency with which most Americans engage in various sexual activities and in the number of persons who include formerly rare or forbidden techniques in their sexual repertoires."

The proof behind this jubilant conclusion came from a survey of 2,026 people in 24 urban areas, a sampling that *Playboy* asserts roughly matches the entire American population in most demographic characteristics. The *Playboy* sampling does not exactly match Kinsey's, which was much larger, being based on 12,240 interviews. Unlike Kinsey, *Playboy* interviewed some blacks and did not include rural subjects or those without high school diplomas. *Playboy*, however, was careful to adjust statistically for these differences.

The survey consisted of a questionnaire with more than 1,000 items compiled by the Research Guild, Inc. of Chicago. All of this cost the Playboy Foundation \$125,000, and the magazine is now mining the research for a series of detailed reports by Morton Hunt, which will appear in the next five issues of *Playboy*. Hunt, who has written books on extramarital sex, crime and divorce, supplemented the pollsters' work with 200 lengthy interviews of his own for a book-length treatment of the survey to be published next spring. In the October issue of *Playboy*, Hunt summarizes the statistics that point to a newly sensual America:

► Premarital sex now occurs more frequently and sooner than it did in Kinsey's day. About three-quarters of *Playboy's* single women under 25 had had intercourse, while only one-third of Kin-

*A nonprofit organization that uses funds from the parent magazine to promote the corporate philosophy through grants in such areas as sex research and education, prison and drug-law reform.



SPOONING IN THE 1890S



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Iceberg 10
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ICEBERG 10... 'tar' 10 mg.—nicotine, 0.6 mg.
Best-selling menthol 'tar' 17 mg.—nicotine, 1.4 mg.
Of all brands, lowest 'tar' 1 mg.—nicotine, 0.1 mg.
Av. Per Cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73

9 mg. 'tar', 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Feb. '73

THE SEXES

sey's made that claim. Among the youngest group of married women queried by *Playboy* (ages 18 to 24), 80% had lost their virginity before marriage. More than half the *Playboy* men with some college education had had premarital coitus by the age of 17; Kinsey's group were only half as precocious.

► Women are having more orgasms—*Playboy's* single females achieve three times the rate of orgasms as Kinsey's. Moreover, the married women claiming they always or almost always had orgasms increased from 45% to 53%.

► Young wives are much more likely to have affairs. Extramarital coitus among married women under 25 is up from less than 10% to 24%. Women, concludes *Playboy*, are approaching the under-25 male infidelity rate of 32%.

► Oral sex is on the increase. The incidence has increased by 50% since Kinsey. Now, according to the *Playboy* survey, 80% of America's singles between 25 and 34, as well as 90% of married persons under 25, had "practiced cunnilingus or fellatio, or both, in the past year."

► Heterosexual anal intercourse is much more widely practiced, particularly among younger people. Kinsey did not find enough occurrences to deal with it statistically. *Playboy* maintains that "a quarter of all females and more than a quarter of all males in our total sample had experienced [heterosexual] anal intercourse at least once, and nearly a quarter of married couples under 35 had used it at least once in the past year." Generally, however, kinkiness is not on the rampage. Sadism and masochism are still marginal phenomena, as are spouse swapping and group sex.

► Homosexuality, although it has increased in visibility, has apparently not become more common. Perhaps 25% of American males have had at least one homosexual experience, a percentage *Playboy* finds comparable to Kinsey's. But much of the homosexual experience in both polls is adolescent experiment, and the percentage of older males who are exclusively homosexual appears to be slightly smaller than in Kinsey's sampling.

As carefully gathered—and judiciously sifted—as the *Playboy* statistics are, some members of the sex-research and polling professions took issue with the survey on the grounds that it was not conducted by social scientists specifically trained for the task and that sex polling inevitably attracts people willing to talk about their sex lives, people who therefore are likely to be more sexually active and unreserved in the first place. *Playboy*, however, gathered its subjects together without telling them in advance that they would be answering a poll. And to Paul Gebhard, director of the Kinsey Institute, the new sex survey looked "pretty good." Gebhard praised the quality of Research Guild's work and observed: "The figures they're getting agree with our research, and they're in line with pre-existing trends toward more liberal activity."

PATTON!

THE EXECUTIVE CALENDAR-DIARY FOR 1974.



This year put a little *FIREPOWER* in your briefcase.

If you liked the movie, or if you thought General Patton was your kind of guy, then you'll love the General George S. Patton Executive Calendar-Diary for 1974. The Patton Diary is more than *just* a Diary. It's a real *businessman's* diary. Not only does it keep your appointments straight, it keeps your spirit *soaring*, your courage intact, your integrity unassailable.

Each week you will find a hard-driving, hard fighting quotation from the words of General Patton. Words from his writings and his speeches—on the record and *off*!

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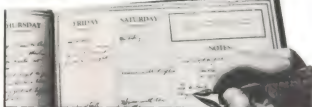
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To Open in Oshkosh

Paul Scofield and Katharine Hepburn playing Edward Albee's *A Delicate Balance* in Oshkosh, Wis.'s Sir Laurence Olivier doing Chekhov's *Three Sisters* in Totowa, N.J.'s Fredric March, Robert Ryan and Lee Marvin in O'Neill's *The Iceman Cometh* in Mobile, Ala.? In one of the most unusual and ambitious movie ventures in decades, the American Film Theater has packed up an unprecedented trunkful of talents—among them Directors John Frankenheimer, Tony Richardson and Peter Hall, Actors Alan Bates, Stacy Keach and Zero Mostel—and this fall will hit the road bringing classics of modern drama to audiences in more than 500 theaters across the U.S. and Canada—on film.

The A.F.T. was conceived by Movie and Television Producer Ely Landau (*The Pawnbroker*, *Long Day's Journey into Night*), who refers to the project as "legitimate film." Landau put together his distribution system in a series of conferences with theater owners in which he appealed "both to their consciences and their half-empty houses on Mondays and Tuesdays." Once a month, one of A.F.T.'s eight first-season productions will be shown in each participating theater, for four performances only. The films will rotate, so that Findlay, Ohio, might see Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* on the same two days that Tyler, Texas, sees John Osborne's *Luther*. At subscription rates of \$30 for evening performances (about \$37.5 a film) and \$24 for matinees, A.F.T. can break even, Landau estimates, by filling only 44% of the 1,500,000 theater seats he has corralled.

The budget for all eight films, including *Three Sisters*, which was bought from Olivier as a finished film, was \$6.6 million, less than the cost of many a single Hollywood extravaganza. The films—shot mainly in London and New York on tight, four-week schedules—were in effect subsidized by the artists. Directors were paid from \$15,000 to \$30,000 each, plus percentages from the future grosses of their productions. Hepburn and Marvin, who normally command six-figure salaries, worked for a token \$25,000 plus percentages; others worked for even less, lured by high-caliber colleagues, juicy roles and the chance to permanently record their performances in those roles on film. When Landau approached Marvin to play Hickey in *Iceman*, Marvin's answer was to quote at length Hickey's fourth-act soliloquy. Says *Iceman*'s Director John Frankenheimer: "It's the chance of a lifetime. There's not going to be a remake of this—this is it."

No Adaptation. Scrupulous efforts were made to transfer the plays to film intact. "My function is to see that there is not an adaptation," says Edward Albee, credited as "screenwriter" for his own *A Delicate Balance*. "I'm the screen non-writer." Nevertheless, directors and actors all insist that they have produced not static "filmed plays" but new cinematic interpretations. "A three-dimensional object seen from different vantage points" is the way Peter Hall describes Pinter's *The Homecoming* in its A.F.T. incarnation. "We've not so much opened up the play as closed in on details."

In the past 20 years, notes Landau, movie attendance has plummeted from 80 million a week to 14 million. Many of the absent 66 million are simply staying home to watch TV, but some others, Landau argues, constitute a "special audience who were not getting what they wanted" at the movies. "There is an enormous thinking public that wants something else," says the enthusiastic Katharine Hepburn, "and this is what we hope to capture."

Subscriptions have been offered since July through direct mail, newspaper ads and American Express, but it is too early to tell how much of that audience will respond. Nevertheless, the optimistic Landau has already begun selecting plays for next year, and for a Saturday-morning children's series to boot.

Big Bea

Once upon the days of the Depression, the twelve-year-old daughter of a clothier in Cambridge, Md., dreamed of becoming a star—"a very small, blonde movie star." But the little girl was 5 ft. 9½ in. tall and most definitely brunette, and she grew up into a towering 5-ft. 11-in. handsome woman with the voice of



ARTHUR AS BLACK-EYED MAUDE
The Audubon centerfold?

a diesel truck in second gear. Last year that imposing, now graying, woman with the small blonde ingénue inside marched onto the nation's television screens as Maude. It took fate 40-odd years to get around to her, but Bea Arthur is finally a star.

If Actress Arthur is not exactly garden-variety glamorous, Maude is even less likely as the heroine of a TV situation comedy. In a medium that until a few years ago shied from portraying divorced women and left politics to the 6 o'clock news, Maude is on her fourth husband and her umpteenth outspokenly liberal cause. She bullies her family and neighbors with the steamroller marshaling a troop of Cub Scouts, and when that fails, she invokes the aid of the Deity. "God'll getcha for that," she warns those who cross her. She is a fighter who takes on city hall, featherbedding repairmen and department-store complaint departments. She can deck an adversary with an arch of a single brow as surely as with an adder-tongued retort like last week's explanation of a black eye: "I was jumping rope—without a bra."

Maude's first antagonist was Archie Bunker, when she stormed onto *All in the Family* two seasons ago as a visiting cousin. Since spinning off on her own last year, Maude has stirred things up with shows on the legalization of marijuana and the sham of radical chic, as well as a two-part episode on abortion that roused a particularly shrill outcry when it was rerun over the summer (TIME, Aug. 27).

Undaunted, the program kicked off the new season with a two-parter on al-



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SHOW BUSINESS & TV

coholism, and in future will confront the Supreme Court's ruling on pornography (as it applies to a fund-raising show for Maude's local library). Later in the season Maude will even have a face-lifting, after conceding that she feels "like an old hen with a turkey's neck and crow's feet—I could be the centerpiece for the Audubon Society." Her on-camera rejuvenation will be accomplished with tape and makeup, but the idea for the show came from Bea Arthur herself, who plans to have the real thing during the mid-season hiatus.

Big Lady. Maude's great appeal—the show consistently placed in the top five of last year's Nielsen ratings—is her realism, says Arthur. "Maude's age, her outspokenness, make her real. For the first time, a person is coming on in a TV sitcom." Much of the credit goes to Bea Arthur, who is a somewhat softer-spoken, toned-down version of her TV persona. "I'm a big lady with a deep voice, I'm a liberal, and if I get angry I speak out," she says. She is also a consummate comedienne and an accomplished actress who handles the show's serious moments with uncloying dignity.

Her career has been punctuated by intermittent "retirements" ever since she turned her back on a budding future as a registered lab technician in Maryland and took off for acting school in New York City. "I was marvelous. I had enormous breasts which started here," she says, pointing to her neck. The statuesque student was soon playing suitably outsized roles: Lysistrata, Clytemnestra, Kate the shrew.

There followed "a variety of assorted flops in which I played interior decorators and madams," she recalls, and every now and then a solidly successful role, like her Tony Award-winning Vera Charles in the Broadway musical *Mame*. Producer Norman Lear of *All in the Family* became a fan when he saw her singing a torch song called *Garbage* in an off-Broadway revue. He cast her in several TV sketches in the late '50s, and when he created *Maude*, Arthur was his first and only choice for the title role.

She and her husband, Director Gene Saks (*Barefoot in the Park*, *Mame*), live with their two adopted sons in a rented house near Los Angeles, while Arthur tapes *Maude* and Saks completes his film version of *Mame* (in which his wife re-created her supporting role). She is sensibly private about her personal life, but her late-blooming stardom overtakes her occasionally. "My God, you're Maude!" a waitress shouted at her recently. "To tell you the truth, I don't know if you look better or worse!"

On a trip to New York last summer, Arthur bought a wig to use as a disguise, but Saks refused to let her wear it. "Then one night it happened," she says. "We were chased down Broadway by a mob of people like in *Suddenly Last Summer*. It was awful. We dived into a bar to escape, and my husband said, 'Next time do me a favor. Wear the wig.' A small blonde wig, perhaps?"

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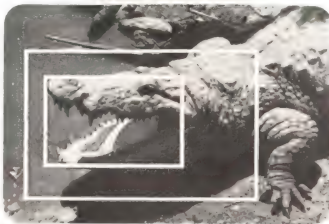


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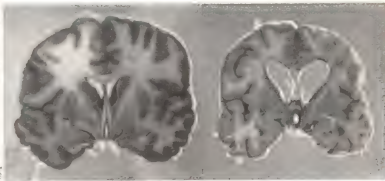
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BOXER TAKING A RIGHT TO THE FACE



NORMAL BRAIN (LEFT), BOXER'S BRAIN SHOWING LOSS OF CELLS

MEDICINE

Cauliflower Brains

"He took too many beatings... that just made him sort of simple."

—The Battler, Ernest Hemingway

With his shuffling gait, slurred speech and foggy memory, the punch-drunk boxer is a stock character in movies and fiction, a mainstay of many a stand-up comic's nightclub routines. But there is nothing funny about the condition some doctors call "dementia pugilistica." Doctors have known for years that a hard blow to the head can slam the jelly-like brain against the rigid skull and cause permanent damage. Now a trio of British researchers has documented just how serious—and how widespread among boxers—this damage is likely to be. In a study published last month in the journal *Psychological Medicine*, they report that the pounding suffered by boxers can destroy vital brain tissue, producing not only physical symptoms but psychiatric problems as well.

Conducted by Drs. J.A.N. Corsellis and C.J. Bruton with the assistance of a psychiatric social worker named Dorothy Freeman-Browne, the study is not the first attempt to understand why boxers become punchy. But it is the most extensive. Most previous efforts have concentrated on only one or two fighters. The British report is based on posthumous examination of 15 brains collected during the past 16 years, and careful study of the fighters' lives as well.

Varied Lot. The boxers, who fought between 1900 and 1940, were a varied lot. Three were amateurs; the other twelve were professionals. Their names were not revealed, but two were one-time world champions, while six more held national or regional titles. They also boxed a good deal more than fighters do today; over half had fought in more than 300 contests.

But the fighters, who died between the ages of 57 and 91, had more in common than their professions. Interviews with relatives and friends, plus reviews

of boxing journals and other publications, revealed that all were bothered by physical and mental symptoms after they left the ring. Most developed speech difficulties and a Parkinson's-like syndrome with drooling and tremors. Some also became uncoordinated in their movements and unsteady on their feet. In most cases, their minds were muddled. Some developed into alcoholics; some acted as if they were drunk even though they never touched liquor. A few became uncontrollably violent.

The reason for these and other disorders became apparent upon autopsy. All the boxers had suffered serious brain damage. Researchers who examined the boxers' brains found greater degeneration and loss of nerve cells than in those of non-fighters who died at similar ages. They also found an injury that seems peculiar to pugilists. Three-fourths of the former fighters had fenestrations, or "windows," in the septum, a membranous partition between the two halves of the brain; this can result in hemorrhages. Among non-boxers, only 3% suffered such injuries.

The findings have already provoked an angry outcry from boxing's backers. The sport, they claim, is far safer today than it was a generation or more ago when Bruton and Corsellis' subjects were in the ring. Moreover, defenders of boxing maintain, soccer and rugby players also run the risk of head injuries. While acknowledging that these arguments are partly accurate, Corsellis is unimpressed. As a result of his work, he would support a move to bar boxing.

For the brain damage is not simply the result of an accumulation of blows—like a boxer's cauliflower ears for example—but the result of one or more damaging blows that may occur by chance. "A single punch, or even many punches to the head," says Dr. Corsellis, "need not visibly alter the structure of the brain." But there is still "the danger that, at an unpredictable moment and for an unknown reason, one or more blows will leave their mark." Present boxing conditions reduce the number of

professional fights a boxer is likely to endure. Just by being in the ring, however, he exposes his head to punishment more frequently than other sportsmen. And once brain tissue is destroyed, "it is gone for good."

Superpregnancy

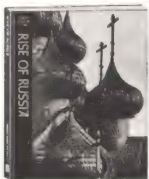
Since the birth of her son Gregory four years ago, Mrs. Edna Stanek, 34, of Lakewood, Colo., has hoped for another child. A fortnight ago, she more than got her wish when she delivered sextuplets. Although one of the babies died shortly after birth, at least two of the infants seemed to have a good chance of surviving.

The odds against having sextuplets naturally are around 5 billion to 1, and the odds against having all six survive are probably beyond computation. But Mrs. Stanek had help. Unable to conceive after the birth of her first child, she had been taking a fertility drug called Clomid. When it proved ineffective, doctors switched her to Pergonal,* which frequently causes a woman to release more than one egg a month and has been linked to previous multiple births. After taking daily injections for only two weeks, she became pregnant.

Delayed Delivery. Almost from the start, Mrs. Stanek knew she was superpregnant. By the twelfth week her doctors told her she was carrying more than two fetuses. By the 24th week they announced there would be at least four and ordered her to bed. By the time she was admitted to Denver's General Rose Memorial Hospital, X rays had confirmed that she was carrying sextuplets.

To safeguard the six against prematurity and to give them as much time as possible to develop, doctors managed to delay the delivery for about three weeks. They injected alcohol directly into

*Clomid (clomiphene citrate) is a drug that stimulates the pituitary gland to release hormones and so prepares the ovaries for ovulation. Pergonal (menotropins), a hormonal extract from the urine of postmenopausal women, induces ovulation by directly stimulating the ovaries.



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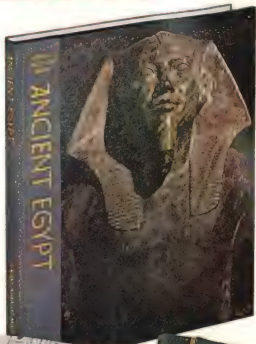
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MEDICINE

Mrs. Stanek's bloodstream—to act as a muscle relaxant and suppress uterine contractions—and they left a bottle of vodka on her bedside table with instructions to drink three ounces a day. When Mrs. Stanek, who was later moved to Colorado General Hospital because of its high-risk nursery facilities, went into labor, she was only seven weeks ahead of her due date.

The delivery was even more controlled than the pregnancy. Thirty medical people from three hospitals crowded into the operating room to help as doctors delivered the first baby naturally, the other five by caesarean section. Another 15 nurses, aides and technicians assisted from outside. Two pediatricians and a nurse were assigned to each baby.

The Stanek babies were large for sextuplets. They ranged in weight from



EDNA STANEK IN HOSPITAL
Fertility shots and careful confinement.

just under 3 lbs. to 3 lbs. 10 oz. Doctors placed them in incubators, and gave four of them extra oxygen to breathe. Even so, their underdeveloped lungs quickly encountered the same respiratory problems that account for half of all deaths among premature babies. The weakest of the six, a girl the Staneks had named Julia, died of hyaline membrane disease, a disorder of the inner lining of the lungs, 44 hours after birth.

Among the known sextuple births, no full set of babies has ever survived. Doctors, who consider the Stanek delivery "a marvelous achievement," were deeply concerned about the shaky condition of three of the Stanek babies. But they were encouraged by the health of two, who seem to be doing "quite well." The father, Accountant Eugene Stanek, 31, mourning the loss of one of the babies, nevertheless at week's end could look forward to the possibility of one day bringing the surviving five home.

MILESTONES

Married. Frederick Forsyth, 33, English journalist and author of two back-to-back bestsellers, *The Day of the Jackal* and *The Odessa File*; and Carrie Cunningham, 26; for the first time: in Gibraltar.

Married. Eva Gabor, 47, Hungarian comedienne who is less famous as an actress (she starred in the television series *Green Acres*) than as a one-woman marriage statistic; and Frank Gard Jameson, fiftyish, senior vice president of the Rockwell International Corp.; she for the fifth time, he for the second; in Claremont, Calif. The Gabor women (Mother Jolie and daughters Magda, Zsa Zsa and Eva) have now been married a total of 19 times.

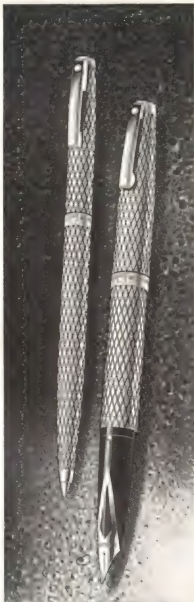
Died. Jim Croce, 30, folk-rock singer who had just hit the big time with his million-selling single, *Bad, Bad, LeRoy Brown*; in a chartered-plane accident in Natchitoches, La.

Died. Diana Sands, 39, Broadway star who insisted—and proved—that good acting has nothing to do with race; of cancer; in Manhattan. Critical acclaim first came for her portrayal of an overintellectual college girl in *A Raisin in the Sun*, and she was consistently excellent as the leading lady in *The Owl and the Pussycat*, *Tiger Tiger Burning Bright* and James Baldwin's *Blues for Mister Charlie*, for which she received a Tony nomination in 1964. She won an Emmy the same year for the best single performance by an actress in a television series (*East Side, West Side*).

Died. Leonard Carmichael, 74, scientist, educator and the former secretary of the Smithsonian Institution; of cancer; in Washington, D.C. During his 11 years with the Smithsonian, Carmichael expanded and modernized "the nation's attic," and later, as vice president of the National Geographic Society, he sponsored the work of Archaeologist Louis S.B. Leakey and Oceanographer Jacques-Yves Cousteau.

Died. Gladys Bertha ("G.B.") Stern, 83, prolific, witty British novelist who wrote an average of one novel a year between 1920 and 1964; in Wallingford, England. Stern was best known for *Monogram*, *The Rueful Mating* and a five-book family saga, *The Marienbach*, that became a successful London play and a Hollywood movie.

Died. Mary Wigman, 86, German pioneer of modern dance; in West Berlin. Wigman vowed to end her career as a dancer at its height, and in 1942 she did. But she continued to instruct dancers at the school she founded in Berlin after her escape from East Germany in 1949.



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FRAUDULENT REAL ESTATE AUCTION, 1882



HIGH-PRESSURE PITCH FOR RECREATIONAL LOTS, 1973

SPECIAL SECTION

The New American Land Rush

Land, as a physical quantity, seems almost changeless, altering shape only over aeons under the pressures of erosion and volcanic eruption. But the economic and social use that man makes of the land is changing as rapidly as anything in America. An enormous—and disruptive—land boom is grossly inflating prices; a new social attitude is replacing the old idea that a man could do with his property as he damn well pleased. In this special section *TIME* first examines the dimensions, causes and consequences of the

new land rush, which far surpasses frontier land fever. It then compares prices of acreage in various parts of the country, contrasts the experiences of happy and unhappy home purchasers, and gives some tips on how to avoid being rooked when buying land. Finally, it explores the new ways in which communities are trying to control and guide development for the good of society, and focuses on some of the powerful individuals who determine how the country uses the land on which it builds and lives.

On Maine's Moosehead Lake—frigid in winter, plagued by black flies in summer—300 ft. of water frontage is selling for \$30,000, or double the price of two years ago.

In Provo canyon, Utah, raw land near the Sundance ski resort fetched \$3,750 an acre in 1966. Today it goes for as much as \$13,000—even though zoning restrictions prevent some buyers from building anything.

Near Orlando, Fla., a grove owner sold 30 acres of land 15 miles from Disney World last spring for \$285,000. Two weeks later the buyer resold it for \$375,000. One week later a subdivision developer bought it for \$325,000. Several months later the developer turned down an offer of \$750,000 for the property, upon which he is now constructing apartments.

These stories are symptomatic of a virulent outbreak, in modern, urbanized America, of an early frontier frenzy land fever. Around metropolitan centers, real estate developers are pushing suburbia farther and farther into the countryside. Out in the deserts and woodlands, people who want vacation homes are scrambling to pick up pieces of the good earth. They are being joined by speculators, who have rediscovered in real estate the fast-buck thrills that a droopy stock market rarely provides. Citizens are taking seriously the advice of Humorist Will Rogers: "Buy land. They ain't making any more of it."

The new land rush has set off an inflation that far outstrips price rises on commodities like food, gasoline and steel. Nationwide, the price of land for industrial parks has tripled in a decade. Sub-

urban residential property has been gaining in value by some 8% a year. The average price of the land under a house with a Federal Housing Administration-insured mortgage is now \$5,300, up about 80% since 1963, while the average plot size has shrunk from about 11,000 sq. ft. in 1965 to 7,000 sq. ft. Farm land has almost doubled in value since 1963, to an average \$247 per acre. In the past ten years, the consumer price index has risen only about 44%.

Land fever is not confined to the U.S. In England, the average price of a lot has doubled in two years. The cost of raw acreage outside Munich has risen nine hundredfold since the early 1950s. Urban real estate in Japan shot up 30% last year alone, and a square foot in downtown Tokyo now costs more than \$2,000.

In the U.S., the boom is somewhat paradoxically drawing strength from a new, more socially responsible public attitude toward land. States and localities are imposing stricter zoning laws and environmental standards, punitive taxes on speculators, even some outright bans on development (see story page 94). The new moves are long overdue, but they have the side effect of making land development ever costlier, reducing the supply of what real estate men call "buildable" land.

The price increases are creating small fortunes. Mrs. Charles Henry, for example, has been scratching out a modest liv-



Reaching for every available piece of land, San Jose, Calif., mushrooms to the very edge of the Diablo Range.





Mountain is no obstacle to Phoenix home.

Tearing up farm for shopping center in Wells, Me.



Above: Rings of resort retirement homes grow in the desert.





at Sun City, Ariz.

Below: Wall-to-wall houses crowd along the beach in Ogunquit, Me.







Above: street sign in California City, Calif., locates plots. Few houses have been built at the project in the Mojave Desert (left). At bottom: tract houses in Nassau County, N.Y., cover virtually all usable land.

ing growing vegetables on her 40-acre farm in Cranston, R.I., for more than 30 years. Not long ago, she was offered \$1,000,000 for her property, which is near a new highway and has access to municipal sewer and water systems. The 64% of American families who own houses have seen their homes appreciate an average 14% a year just since 1970. Meanwhile, prices of godforsaken Arizona desert land are rising right along with choice commercial plots in cities. Land is being bought and sold with almost no regard for its usefulness.

Corporations have also caught the land bug. Hundreds have been going into land development or construction, or simply buying land and holding it for price appreciation. Chrysler Corp., for instance, has invested \$89 million in diversified real estate ventures. General Electric has shifted 15% of its \$3 billion pension fund into real estate. Other big players: ITT, Du Pont and U.S. Steel.

Investment companies are rushing to set up land syndicates. These are simply large pools of money, garnered from people who put up an average \$5,000 to \$10,000 minimum investment, and managed by real estate professionals. In Atlanta, where syndication is intense, four large firms put together 66 syndicates last year that sank more than \$40 million into local property.

Even smaller rollers can buy shares in a real estate investment trust, which is essentially a mutual fund that invests in property loans or ownership. Under law, REITs can escape taxes by distributing 90% of their pretax earnings as dividends, so yields can be high. REITs have taken their lumps in the market recently, largely because interest yields on types of loans they do not make have surpassed the return they get on mortgage loans. But some brokers still see the better-managed REITs as solid investments for the future.

Such investment devices have greatly pushed up land prices because they thrive on speculation. Atlanta syndicators readily admit that they may trade the same property two or three times in 18 months, marking up its price each time. Like the stock market, the land market operates largely on the "one more idiot" theory. According to this, an investor may know that he is paying far too much for land, but the purchase is justified because there will always be "one more idiot" to buy it from him at an even higher price.

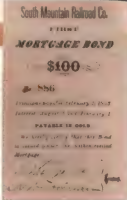
Victims of Overeagerness

Land values, however, are notoriously capricious—they may vary wildly from one suburb to its neighbors—and the land boom, like all others, has claimed its overeager victims. A Boston doctor paid \$90,000 not long ago for a 300-acre tract in northeastern Vermont that included a picturesque 90-acre pond. Too late he found out that the pond is a town water source; every summer it is drained right down to its muddy bottom, and the state forbids swimming or boating at any time. The doctor is trying to unload the land. Another example: Ashley T. Murphy, a California builder, got design approval for a \$9,000,000 apartment complex in Oceanside. Then, as a classroom assignment, a 16-year-old girl protested the project before the state's coastline commission, charging that the state and the developer had acted with "unseemly haste" in order to start construction before development restrictions went into effect. Murphy eventually won, but for 2½ months he had to pay interest on money borrowed

for a project he could not start.

For most Americans, land-price inflation costs more than it is worth. For the homeowner, a rise in the value of his house is purely theoretical profit until he sells, but the land spiral meanwhile helps raise the price of almost everything that he must buy. Packing plants, bakeries, supermarkets, movie theaters, filling stations, widget makers—all pass on to their customers the rising prices—and taxes—that their owners must pay for the land on which they set up shop.

Food prices are jacked up by the land boom in two ways. The rising price of farm land is reflected directly in the cost of crops. The land boom also turns farm land into lots for houses, roads and stores, thus removing it from food production while food demand keeps growing. Between 1960 and 1970, developers bought as much as 3,000,000 acres of crop land out of America's total 1.1 billion acres of farm land. In some areas, the land surge practically forces farmers to sell out. The usual process: developers put up houses and shopping centers in the middle of farm land just beyond the suburbs of a



MORTGAGE BOND (1903)

Shopping List of Prices

Here is a comparison shopper's guide to some real estate prices; based on average local prices or some actual recent sales:

URBAN & SUBURBAN

Boston, downtown	\$60-\$70 per sq. ft.
Atlanta, Peachtree Center	\$200 per sq. ft.
Honolulu, downtown	\$60-\$70 per sq. ft.
Manhattan, midtown	\$200 per sq. ft.
Miami Beach area, zoned for high rises	\$450,000 per acre*
Madison, Wis., on Lake Mendota	\$28,500 for 85 front feet
Minneapolis, southern suburbs	\$11,000-\$13,000 per ½-acre
Kansas City, raw land in Platt County, north of Kansas City	\$1,500-\$2,500 per acre
Providence, R.I., suburb of Glocester	\$2,500-\$4,000 per acre
Dallas-Fort Worth Airport vicinity	\$25,000 per acre
Houston, raw industrial land	\$26,500 per acre

RECREATIONAL

Boothbay Harbor, Me., waterfront lots	\$40,000 per acre
Cape Cod, Mass., on bayside in Osterville	\$30,000 per ½-acre
Martha's Vineyard, Mass., on Vineyard Sound	\$104,000 per acre (with 300 ft. frontage)
Island Pond, Vt., 16 miles from Canadian border	\$150 per acre
Long Island's north shore, non-waterfront lots	\$12,000 per acre
Disney World, Fla., on swampy southern fringe	\$900 per acre
Disney World, north on Lake Hancock Road	\$4,000 per acre
Sundance ski resort, 60 miles from Salt Lake City	\$10,000-\$13,000 per acre
Lakeaway resort community, near Austin, Texas	\$25,000-\$70,000 per ½-acre
Palm Springs, Calif., vicinity of airport	\$100,000 per acre
Lake Tahoe, Calif., waterfront lots	\$1,000 per front ft.
Koko Kai, Oahu, Hawaii, ocean-front on marina	\$125,000 for less than ½-acre

FARM AND GRAZING LAND

Colorado, 50 miles north of Denver	\$1,000-\$2,000 per acre
Utah, Sanpete County	Up to \$1,000 per acre
New Mexico, at foot of Sandia Mountain	\$5,000 per acre
Missouri, 150 miles southwest of St. Louis	\$150-\$200 per acre
Missouri, north central	\$500 per acre
Illinois, west of Fox River	\$3,000-plus per acre
Northern Michigan	\$250-\$300 per acre
Alabama, 30 miles from Montgomery	\$150-\$400 per acre

*There are 43,560 sq. ft. in an acre



OPENING LAND OFFICE IN OKLAHOMA, 1889

city. Other developers bid high for the remaining land, and local assessors raise the farmers' taxes drastically to reflect the land's increased market value. The farmers cannot pay the taxes and have no choice except to sell.

Though the land rush is powered in no small part by affluent people seeking second homes, it is making the housing situation more crowded for the less fortunate. Lot prices now account for 24% of the total price of a typical new single-family home, up from 19% a decade ago. As lots become more expensive, developers try to keep profits up by constructing higher-priced houses or by building less house for the money—eliminating such features as patios and two-car garages. Soaring land values also lead many builders to put up "town houses," which are stuck together wall-to-wall. Other developments consist of misnamed "mobile homes" (median price: \$6,950), which are often trailers anchored to one spot. They are about all that buyers can afford after paying for the ground.

Fast-rising land prices also aggravate urban decay, suburban sprawl and even the energy shortage. Real estate developers often "leapfrog" over expensive land close to cities to find cheaper sites farther out; on the outskirts of Phoenix, houses are climbing mountainsides. The less expensive houses in those distant areas lure residents and businesses from the city, reducing the urban tax base. Mass transportation is uneconomical in the far suburbs; so their residents become totally dependent on the auto, increasing the strain on the nation's fuel supplies.

Future of the Boom

How long can the land boom last? There is nothing immediately in sight to stop it. In part, land-hungry Americans are following a deep, atavistic pattern. It is no accident that land is called *real* estate; land ownership for millenniums has been the basis of power and wealth. Today many urbanites have a feeling that life in the cities is too ephemeral and that they can become people of substance only by putting down roots in the land. As Novelist Anthony Trollope put it in 1867: "It is a very comfortable thing to stand on your own ground. Land is about the only thing that can't fly away." Popular language is filled with phrases expressing a subliminal yearning for the soil: down

to earth, salt of the earth, lay of the land, landed gentry.

In addition, inflation, dollar devaluations and scandals like the Equity Funding fiasco have soured many investors on stocks, bonds and other paper abstractions. People are putting their money into things that they can touch and handle: paintings, rare coins, new cars and refrigerators. By far the most popular of these palpable investments is land, which offers the buyer the rare psychological opportunity to speculate and still feel cloaked with the prestige of the property holder.

The land boom is powered by economics as well as psychology. The U.S. population is expected to grow from 210 million to 264 million by the year 2000, assuming that birth rates remain at about two children per family. The nation will have to find room for another 27,000 new families each week, equal to the present population of Columbia, Mo.

Rising affluence steadily demands more land per person. The Department of Transportation estimates that auto registrations will rise 50% by this century's end, and that vehicle-miles driven in urban areas will more than double. To accommodate that growth, the department projects a need for 18,000 more miles of freeways and expressways within existing metropolitan areas by 1990; about 8,000 miles of urban highways existed in 1968.

Affluence will also increase land demand for airports, marinas, ski lodges and especially vacation and retirement homes. Apartment dwellers no longer are content with a rented room by the seashore on their holidays; more and more yearn for their own cabin on Mosquito Lake. Older people who once took it for granted that they would move in with reluctant sons and daughters after retirement now count on relaxing in some sunny clime on the beaches and golf courses of Senior Citizen Acres. "Even if we attain zero population growth, we will continue to spread out across our open land like a tidal wave," says Dartmouth Geographer Robert B. Simpson. "Our demand for land per capita is increasing even more rapidly than our population."

Where the Space Is

Superficially, the U.S. would seem to have enough land to accommodate that demand easily. America has about 7% of the world's land, but only about 5.6% of its population. Little of the nation's surface is inhabited; nearly three-quarters of the population lives on 1.5% of the land. If all Americans were to move into Texas, the resulting population density would be no greater than England's. If the country seems crowded, it is only because so many of its residents insist on clustering in cities and suburbs.

The U.S. is not running out of land, but the empty areas are not always available for development. Close to half of the country's 2.3 billion acre surface is still taken up by farm and pasture land. More than one-third of the land is owned by the biggest single holder: the Government. The bulk of this consists of timberlands, national parks, grazing land and military reserves in Alaska and the Far West.

Even much of the vacant land is acreage that no one wants to live or build on. Large tracts of fairly cheap land—less, say, than \$300 per acre—can still be found in such relatively unpopulated places as northeastern Vermont, Alabama, Oklahoma, Missouri and northern Michigan. There is even some good shore-front land available for less than \$5,000 an acre in North Carolina and Washington—though along many other shorelines, houses are jammed wall-to-wall and prices are outrageous. Trouble is, people settle not just where land is cheapest but where there are jobs, schools, hospitals, roads and other amenities.

To spread those population magnets around, the Government is helping to finance a modestly ambitious new-town effort. But little significant population redistribution is taking place, because developers like to site their new towns near existing metropolitan areas in order to increase their chances for success. Demographers are generally skeptical of the chances for much reshuffling. They note that the Soviet Union has avoided a mass migration to Moscow only by imposing a

MRS. CHARLES HENRY (LEFT), OWNER OF \$1 MILLION FARM



Pleasures and Pitfalls

Returning to the land—finding a second home somewhere away from it all—can be a happy or a harrowing experience. Much depends on the honesty of the developer and on the care with which prospective buyers seek out and purchase their property. Here is an example of each experience:

HAPPY. Jack and Liz Cooper were so tired of constant rain in Corvallis, Ore., that they were ready to buy almost any property that was dry. They finally settled on an arid, dusty stretch in central Oregon that had been dubbed Sunriver by the enterprising developer. But the developer, John Gray, had a reputation in Oregon for making deserts bloom and rain forests shine. "It was a gamble to sink money into a development that hadn't really got started yet," says Jack Cooper. "But the master plan was fantastic."

More than that, the plan was scrupulously followed so that homeowners got what they paid for. The Coopers' \$53,000 home is scenically located by the development's 18-hole golf course. Though the original plan called for a community of 12,000 people, the number has been trimmed to 5,000 with the density of 1.5 living units per acre. The open areas will be left in a natural state. "It's a different world out there," says Jack, who enjoys the nearby swimming, rafting, bicycling, tennis and skiing. The development also employs a full-time ecologist who even put a stop to mosquito spraying because of the damage to plants. Says Jack: "This is a town the Sierra Club would be proud of." Cautions Liz: "But don't tell anybody. Sunriver is great just the way it is."

HARROWING. The poignant blue skies, the silver-clear air, the surf splashing on the rocky coast proved irresistible to Bob and Jan Plunkett (not their real names) when they vacationed in Maine four years ago. A year later, Bob quit his city job as a commercial artist, and the couple sank all of their \$26,000 savings in a partially completed home 15 feet from the waves on an inlet in Maine.

Practically nothing went right. Though the developer had promised a virtual utopia, he had carefully put nothing in writing. Dazzled by heady dreams of a new life, the Plunketts unwisely paid in full for their house before it was completed to their satisfaction. Once they had done so, the two city suckers could bring no pressure on the builder, who skimped as he pleased. The Plunketts were forced to pay \$2,100 for an ecological sewer system and \$800 for a septic tank that is still not working properly; they have been reduced to using a campsite toilet. At a cost of \$1,200 they had to drill 170 feet to reach water; the flow from their well is a lethargic one gallon per minute. They were stunned to learn that they would have to shell out \$875 for 25 telephone poles and lines to their house. They still have no phone. If they want to make a call, they have to go to a neighbor's home a mile and a half away.

Much of the year, the Plunketts face a struggle even to reach their fading dream house. Since their lawyer did not bother to nail down the developer's responsibility for maintaining the ten-mile access road, he did not assume any. It remains unpaved, covered by snow in winter, by mud in spring. The Plunketts and other disillusioned homeowners expected the town to take over the road, but the local villagers have consistently voted down the proposition.

DOS AND DON'TS. Starting Dec. 1, the Department of Housing and Urban Development will put into effect tough new rules governing developers that may help some buyers escape the fate of the Plunketts. But a buyer's best defense is his own good sense. Some guidelines for potential buyers:

- ▶ Never buy land without seeing it.
- ▶ Never close a deal on the first visit to a development or while still under the influence of a glowing sales presentation. Go home and think about it.
- ▶ Never sign a paper that waives your right to rescind

the purchase contract within a specified time—anywhere from two days to six months, depending on state law.

- ▶ Do not assume that the value of a lot will increase. Chances are that it is priced much higher than land just outside the development. A salesman may point out that the company's offering prices for similar lots have increased over the years—but those are the company's prices. There may be no resale market for your lot at all. Check the ads in the local paper to see if lots are being offered at distress prices.

- ▶ Contact other property owners in the development. If they are selling, find out why, and whether they are letting their lots go at a loss.

- ▶ Do not rely on a salesman's description of "planned" tennis courts, golf courses, marinas, etc. Companies can abandon plans at will.

- ▶ Demand a copy of the property report that large developers must, by law, show to potential buyers. It contains such important information as whether the soil is suitable for septic tanks and whether there is enough water.

- ▶ Find out exactly how far a plot is from the nearest hospital, fire station, shopping area, public transportation and city. And make sure that the distance is actual driving mileage, not as the crow flies.

- ▶ Ascertain the "build-out" rate, or the percentage of lots



LIZ & JACK COOPER IN THEIR \$53,000 SUNRIVER, ORE., HOME

whose owners have built houses on them. A low rate—say, less than 2% of lots occupied for every year that the project has been open—could well mean that owners are dissatisfied or that they bought the lots primarily for speculation. In either case, the "planned community" of the sales brochure may always remain too sparsely settled for the company to bother completing proposed amenities or for local utilities to string telephone and power lines out to isolated houses.

- ▶ Avoid buying land on the installment plan. You will not own it—and may not even be permitted to use it—until the final payment is made. Some contracts state that if you miss an installment or two, the company can foreclose and keep all the money you have paid. Avoid a possible hassle by getting a bank mortgage. That way, the buyer receives a deed to the property quickly.

Buying vacation property that is not in a development—whether raw acreage, an old farmhouse or a cottage on a lake—requires the same care. Check with town or county officials to see if the place has been reassessed recently for property tax purposes. If not, then taxes could soar as soon as you buy. Ask state or local health or environmental authorities about water and soil quality. Talk with local bankers, businessmen, town officials and environmentalists to find out about the future of the area. There may be objectionable new highways, subdivisions or even trailer camps coming in.

CITRUS COUNTY FLORIDA



FLORIDA PUBLICITY BROCHURE, ca. 1926

system of work and residency permits that would be intolerable in the West.

Though psychology and economics both make for steady growth in land values over the long run, bubbles of pure speculation always burst sooner or later. Investors are already getting a lesson that land prices can go down as well as up. High construction costs and urban blight have undercut property values in some city areas. The land under the Boston Edison Building was worth about \$200 per square foot in the 1920s; today it is

less than half that, though property values in other parts of town have risen. A speculative orgy of overbuilding in New York City has driven office rents in the Wall Street area down from about \$10 per square foot three years ago to as low as \$8.50 today. Apartment rents are still rising because there has been no comparable overbuilding of residential housing in the city.

Land is also a notoriously illiquid investment: a seller can wait months, even years, to find a buyer at the price he demands. Meanwhile, interest payments and local taxes on the land continue. Eli Broad of Los Angeles, a major home builder, says that undeveloped land "has to appreciate 20% a year to cover carrying costs. On balance, it rarely does."

Real estate men know that the big profits come not from buying raw land and sitting on it but from cutting it up into lots for housing, commercial and industrial

sites. For that reason, developers have platted (divided into precisely mapped portions) millions of building lots across the U.S. far in advance of their use. Such subdividing grossly inflates land prices. Once the lots are sold off to individual buyers, ownership of plots is scattered, to the extent that local authorities often find it impossible to accumulate land for parks and other public uses. Nor do the developers' plans always work out; no one knows how many superfluous, remote or uninhabitable subdivisions the U.S. contains today that were platted long ago. New Babylon, a 19th century development in Kansas that was sold through the mail, is today farm land. Only about 2,500 people have chosen to live in California City, a 119,000-acre swatch of the Mojave Desert, since the development was opened to residents in 1959.

Currently, the big subdividing action is in development of vacation-home and retirement-home communities from Quechee, Vt., to Sun City, Ariz. Second homes will account for 300,000 of this year's 2.1 million housing starts. Large land corporations have sprung up to meet the demand. Typically, they buy a huge plot, bulldoze a few roads, dig out an artificial lake or build a golf course, and sell lots to the public. Among the largest firms are Deltona, General Development Corp. and GAC Corp., most of whose developments are in Florida, and Horizon Corp. and McCulloch Oil Corp., which concentrate on the Southwest.

The industry has come a long way since the 1950s, when submerged swampland in Florida was sold through the mail to millions of unfortunates. Today most of the land offered is at least dry, and the bigger developers are switching their emphasis from peddling lots to planning communities. A guide to some of the more interesting:

New Seabury, Mass., a 3,000-acre group of villages along Popponesset Beach, is one of the most expensive second-home communities: \$12,000 to \$75,000 for a half-acre lot; \$40,000 to \$150,000 additional for a house. It also is one of the best, because Developer Emil Hanslin took special pains to preserve the terrain and maintain high aesthetic standards. Lots are generally clustered in wooded areas, a homeowner cannot cut down any tree more than six inches in diameter without company approval, and beach grasses are fertilized by helicopter to prevent erosion.

Canadian Lakes, Mich., sprawls across 5,200 acres of hills and woods an hour northeast of Grand Rapids. It boasts seven existing lakes and three more under construction, so to speak. An unusual feature: Donald J. Bollman, who owns the development lock, stock and ski slope, lives in a \$500,000 Disneyesque concrete castle on the northern end of it.

Beech Mountain, N.C., smack on top of an Appalachian mountain, is one of the South's largest ski areas. It could become crowded, because the developer, Carolina Caribbean Corp., plans to put about 8,500 single-family homes and 1,500 condominium units on its 7,200 acres. But the firm has set up its own water company, shopping center and police and volunteer fire departments to accommodate the crush.

Sun City, Ariz., has drawn 28,000 residents (average age: 67) to a tract 16 miles northwest of Phoenix. It has enough athletic and recreation facilities to train an Olympic team: seven golf courses, four tennis courts, six lawn-bowling greens, a 16-lane bowling alley, Arizona's first indoor, air-conditioned shuffleboard courts, two artificial lakes and a 7,500-seat amphitheater for plays and concerts.

Lake Havasu City, Ariz., is famed as the new home of the London Bridge, which now spans a canal connected to a lake made by damming the Colorado River. The development by McCulloch Properties covers 16,640 acres of gravelly desert 200 miles northwest of Phoenix. Lots and gently curving streets are well laid out, but the development could become a jumble of clashing architectural styles because McCulloch will let a lot buyer put up any kind of house—Cape Cod, Spanish pueblo, Swiss chalet.

Palm Coast, Fla., is an immense undertaking of an International Telephone and Telegraph subsidiary, which is cutting up 92,000 acres midway between St. Augustine and Day-



REAL-ESTATE PROMOTIONS IN UPSTATE NEW YORK, 1973





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These days, I need all the friends I can get.

FRANK GOMBOCS, QUEENS, N.Y.

This is a tough business I'm in. You really have to hustle to make a buck. And right now I need the bucks. I'm due for a new wrecker. A new car. And my wife's screaming for an avocado refrigerator.

That's why, when you drive into my station, I'm going to come out smiling.

I'm going to wash your front window. Your back window. And your side-view mirror. Then I'll check under your hood.

And if you have a Sunoco Credit Card, you'll get special deals from Sunoco on tires, batteries and just about everything I sell here.



Now to be honest, I'm not really crazy about having to work this hard, but I need that new wrecker, the new car, and like my wife says, what's an avocado kitchen without an avocado refrigerator.

Try me, I can be very friendly.

I CAN BE VERY FRIENDLY.

Win a College Education* for your child or \$20,000 for yourself.

Enter True's 612 prize Educational Sweepstakes.

***Grand Prize:** Up to \$20,000 toward expenses at the college or university of your choice—or \$20,000 cash.

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of your winning are determined by the total number of entries received. Enter as often as you like. Each

entry must be mailed separately. Use entry blank below, or a plain piece of paper the same size. No

purchase necessary. Sweepstakes close November 16, 1973. Enter today. Think

about it. Wouldn't it be great to win

expenses towards your child's college education from True?

Enter as often as you like. 612 chances to win more than once. All prizes to be awarded. To enter, complete the entry form or use a plain piece of paper, including your name, address and zip code. Mail each entry separately to: True's Educational Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 619, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202. Each entry must include two bottom flaps from any pack of True cigarettes or a plain piece of 3" x 5" paper on which you have hand-printed the word "TRUE" in plain block letters. To be eligible, entries must be postmarked no later than November 16, 1973 and received by November 30, 1973. All winners will be determined in a random drawing from all entries received, by Marden & Kane, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the winner. All prizes will be awarded. Sweepstakes open to all residents of the U.S.A. over 21 years of age, except employees and their families of Lorillard, its affiliated companies, its advertising agencies and Marden & Kane. Void in Washington, Idaho, Georgia and Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received in total sweepstakes. If you are the Grand Prize winner and you want your favorite dealer to also win, list his name and address under yours. If you are the winner, he will receive one each of the third, fourth and fifth prizes. For a list of Grand through Third prize winners, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: True Winners List, P.O. Box 930, New York, N.Y. 11202. No purchase necessary.

prohibited or restricted by law. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received in total sweepstakes. If you are the Grand Prize winner and you want your favorite dealer to also win, list his name and address under yours. If you are the winner, he will receive one each of the third, fourth and fifth prizes. For a list of Grand through Third prize winners, send a separate stamped, self-addressed envelope to: True Winners List, P.O. Box 930, New York, N.Y. 11202. No purchase necessary.

Mail to: True's Educational Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 619, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11202.

Please enter my name in True's Educational Sweepstakes. Enclosed are two bottom flaps from True Regular or Menthol, or a 3 x 5 piece of paper with the word TRUE printed in plain block letters.

I certify I am 21 years of age or over.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Dealer's Name _____

Address _____

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,

Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

tona Beach into lots that company executives think will house 650,000 people by the year 2000. ITT has put some thought into planning: residential areas will be separated by greenbelts, and all houses (only 180 built so far) will be hooked up to company-owned water and sewage plants. But ITT can harvest timber from a buyer's lot until his payments are completed, leaving him with the cost of removing stumps.

Port Charlotte, Fla., the largest of General Development's eight second-home or retirement projects, covers 120,000 acres of flat scrubland, inhabited largely by retirees recruited up North. Features include a 180-bed hospital, 30 doctors, twelve dentists and three pharmacies. But some of the streets are cracking and others were flooded last summer.

Despite the emphasis on building communities, the stress for the industry as a whole is still on selling land *qua* land. Many firms sell lots for 20 to 30 times what they originally paid to acquire them and spend fully one-third of their revenues on sales promotion; their pretax profits range upward from 30% of revenues on land sales.

The recreational developers have created a sales technique all their own. Householders selected from telephone books are called and invited to dinner at a local restaurant. They are shown a technicolor movie about the development. Teams of salesmen at each table work over prospective customers with a pitch that emphasizes the soundness of land as an investment.

In the Miami area, several firms operate "boiler rooms" from which batteries of salesmen make long-distance telephone pitches. Salesmen for one such firm try to get prospects to buy \$5,000 lots for \$50 down and \$50 a month—and to put the first \$50 check in the next mail—with the promise that the buyer can quickly resell the land for a huge profit. Excerpts from one telephone spiel: "I'm going to make an offer that will definitely be of interest to you, especially if you're interested in making money . . . If you saw that you could definitely make an excellent profit within the next 24 to 36 months, Mr. Blotz, could you comfortably handle a \$50-a-month investment program? . . . Because I've set up such easy terms, the payout is approximately eleven years, but because of where this property is located, you won't be holding onto this property *anywhere near* that length of time."

The salesmen have prepared answers for various objections. If the prospect wants to talk to his lawyer: "Your attorney is well versed in law, not real estate. In fact, I'll bet you didn't know that 85% of all the attorneys in this country earn less than \$12,000 per year," and you can rest assured that if they were knowledgeable about real estate as an investment, they would be earning \$120,000." If the mark wants to get his wife's opinion: "I could understand your wife saying no if she knew the area we are discussing or if she were in the land-investment business. But I am sure she isn't. And because of it, she can't make an intelligent decision, so that decision is yours."

The largest developers have cleaned up their sales practices. A flat truth: According to the American Bar Association, only half of U.S. lawyers earn less than \$20,000 to \$25,000 a year.



SETTLERS TENTING ON FRONTIER, 1899

ties under pressure from federal and state regulators. Executives of Dart Industries, which has been charged with allegedly fraudulent sales of recreational lots in California, say that they will fire any salesman who tries to peddle their lots on a promise that the price will rise; the company is seeking customers who will actually build and live in their communities. Amrep Corp. promises to give a customer his money back if he visits his property within six months of signing a purchase agreement and decides that he does not like it. But investigators are still doing a land-office business. The federal Office of Interstate Land Sale Registration gets more than 800 complaints a month from irate buyers. They frequently charge that they have been gyped by fast-talking salesmen who promised price appreciation or recreational facilities that never materialized. So far this year, the office has brought indictments against seven developers on various charges including fraudulent statements to customers and has brought three cases to trial; all have resulted in convictions.

Low-Tax Speculation

Developers could not exert quite as much upward pressure on prices without the help of the tax structure, which enables them to operate on a grander scale than their resources would otherwise permit. An investor who buys or erects a building, for example, can write off depreciation on it at a much faster rate than the actual wear and tear on the property would justify. The write-offs shelter from taxes large amounts of the investor's income from other sources, and he can use this tax-free income to buy more land or put up more buildings and pay off his debt tax free. Then, after he has depreciated the first building to a point at which the benefits of depreciation run out, usually eight to twelve years, he sells out to another investor, who can go through a new round of depreciation write-offs on the same building.

Real estate investors also generally borrow heavily to buy land or put up buildings, and all the interest that they pay is tax deductible—not only against income from the property, but against any income at all. Example: Richard Nixon in 1970 paid at least \$81,000 interest on \$1,000,000 borrowed to buy his San Clemente property. He could have written that off against his \$200,000 salary as President of the United States—and that, combined with other deductions, might have freed him from paying any income tax on his presidential salary. A White House official says the President did pay some in-

HOME IN BEECH MOUNTAIN, N.C., SKI RESORT



PART OF ITT'S PALM COAST DEVELOPMENT IN FLORIDA





SOD HOUSE IN CUSTER COUNTY, NEB., ca. 1890

come tax for 1970, but how much has not yet been disclosed. The Administration last spring proposed to limit the tax deductibility of some interest on money borrowed to finance investments, including real estate, and to limit the right to offset salaries by claiming accelerated depreciation on investment property. But its proposals have got sidetracked.

The local property tax also fuels speculation. Since vacant land is usually taxed at lower rates than developed plots, owners have an incentive to hoard property rather than turn it to productive use. This artificially restricts the land supply and drives up prices. A less direct effect of the property tax is perhaps even more important. Since almost every locality in the country depends on the property tax for the bulk of its revenues, local officials are generally hungry for development. Shrewd developers can play off one town against another for tax and zoning concessions.

There is some evidence that the consuming desire for development is misguided not only environmentally but even financially. Local officials commonly think that vacation-home developments will boost tax collections, but they are sometimes wrong. Many buyers of vacation homes turn them into year-round residences and require greatly expanded pub-

lic services. The Vermont Public Interest Research Group once found that the state's ski industry was profitable mostly for outsiders who have come to exploit it. The Rev. Brendan Whitaker has denounced the industry from the pulpit of St. Thomas Episcopal Church in Brandon, Vt. Says the pastor: "Dad has to work all day running ski towns and Mom has to work half the night as a cocktail waitress to pay the taxes on what was once an inexpensive piece of property."

What to Do?

Congress would do well to adopt the Nixon Administration's program to put sensible limits on real estate deductions. Local tax authorities should stop taxing undeveloped land at lower rates than developed land. If the rates were equalized, land hoarding would become prohibitively expensive for many speculators. And the cities might not be quite so blighted by weed-choked vacant lots, crumbling buildings and parking lots that speculators hold only because they are lightly taxed and might rise in price.

Further, cities should follow the lead of Philadelphia and Wilmington, Del., which give abandoned houses free to anybody who will fix them up and live in them for a specified number of years. That move could restore huge blighted areas of central cities and accommodate much expected population growth without aggravating suburban sprawl.

If such steps are taken, the orgy of land speculation, and the inflation that it has brought, may wind up doing some good. For much too long, Americans have considered land to be a cheap resource that could be squandered. Today land is becoming too expensive to be treated in that manner. Now that Americans have to pay a stiff price for it, they may begin to treat land with the respect that it deserves.

Land Use: The Rage for Reform

UNDEVELOPI — *New Mexico billboard campaign*

MAINE IS NOT FOR SALE — *Bumper sticker*

"Please come and visit us in Oregon again and again. But for heaven's sake don't come and live here." — *Oregon Governor Tom McCall (1971)*

"Don't even visit." — *McCall (1972)*

Until recently such sentiments would have been contrary to the traditional American spirit of boosterism, the antithesis of the goal emblazoned on the WATCH US GROW signs on the outskirts of countless towns and villages. But now they express the mainstream of American opinion, and in communities across the U.S. reflect growing concern about the use, and the misuse, of the land.

Last year an estimated 3,000,000 acres of open land were gobbled up by urbanization, vacation developments, strip mining and highways. The total is equivalent to the land area of Connecticut. Next year another 3,000,000 acres will be built

up, paved over or stripped. Most of the change is taking place on the relatively flat farm lands around the most populous cities, near shore lines, or in the most popular resort areas. In these locations particularly, the amount of land is limited — the all too many abuses of land are all too visible.

Citizens have finally rebelled against the growing despoliation of the countryside and the social and economic ills that it creates. They have launched what amounts to an inchouette, national crusade to get better ways of using land no matter what the cost. In state referendums last year, Colorado's voters vetoed a bid to host the 1976 Winter Olympics; Californians restricted development along their entire 3,500-mile shore line; Floridians passed a \$240 million bond issue to buy and preserve ecologically valuable land; New Yorkers approved a \$1.15 billion environmental bond issue partly for the same purpose. A provocative study of land-use problems by a task force of Government officials and private experts headed by Laurance S. Rockefeller marveled at the movement and called it "America's new mood." Another study, for the Council on Environmental Quality, described it simply as "the quiet revolution."

VERMONT GOVERNOR THOMAS SALMON TALKING TO FARMER IN MONTPELIER

DOUG BRUCE—CAMERA'S



The message has deeply impressed politicians. Last week President Nixon urged Congress to take quick action on bills to reform the use of land. The Senate has already passed a national land-use policy bill, and Congress is considering some 200 other measures dealing with problems from urban growth to forest management to the location of power plants.

Virtually every state has acted. Only a handful, notably Vermont, Hawaii and Oregon, have comprehensive laws to guide development. Others have been galvanized into piecemeal action by clear and present dangers to their environment and economy. Montana has passed legislation requiring strip miners to repair the ravaged earth after they peel it away. California, Minnesota and Illinois have adopted tax incentives to encourage farmers to stay on the land—and developers off it. Texas, Connecticut, Delaware and other states have enacted laws to protect their threatened coastlines. Even the Rocky Mountain states, where open land still seems limitless, are beginning to work on tough new restrictions on developers. In Nevada, reports a top state planner, "everyone said, 'You'll never get the cow counties to go along.' Well, the cow counties are pushing us. They have the most to lose, and they know it."

When the states have not moved fast enough, citizens

DAVID HUME KENNER



WELL PLANNED & LANDSCAPED NEW TOWN OF COLUMBIA, MD. (LEFT), CONTRASTS WITH FLOODED DEVELOPMENT IN PORT CHARLOTTE, FLA.

have goaded local governments into devising ways to slow growth or stop it cold. Their solutions are often adopted in overly great haste to get at the root causes of the problems. But they are nonetheless remarkable for their disregard of venerable traditions, of some powerful interest groups. Examples:

Harperswell, Me., an unspoiled lobstering town (pop. 2,500) some 30 miles northeast of Portland, has always subscribed to the theory that property rights reside solely with property owners. Indeed, a 1970 effort by newcomers (mostly well-heeled retirees) to set up a town planning board was squelched in a town meeting. As Lifelong Resident Tom Lee-man put it, "A planning board is like a cancer. It starts small, and the first thing you know, it's got you so you can't breathe." But last year, when plans for two large vacation-home subdivisions in Harperswell were announced, the sleepy village awoke to the 20th century. The townspeople passed an 18-month moratorium on all development, hoping that the pause would give them time to protect Harperswell's future. As a first step, they set up a planning board.

Boca Raton, Fla., an affluent (four polo fields) city north of Miami, sized up its rate of growth and realized, to the dismay of residents, that its population, now 47,000, would eventually reach 250,000. As a result, Boca Raton amended the city charter to allow no more than 40,000 housing units with-

in city borders (each containing an average of 2.5 people). After the population limit of around 100,000 is reached, no more building permits will be granted—ever.

San Jose, Calif., a booming city, actually lives off its own growth. The largest employer is the home-building industry, kept busy by the doubling of the city's population (to 500,000) since 1960. Trouble is, San Jose has been growing so fast that it cannot keep up with the demand for new roads, sewer systems and, above all, schools. Seven of the 26 school districts operate on double sessions. Fed up, citizens last April approved a referendum requiring developers to get special permission from school districts before applying for residential zoning changes. Remarkably, the voters, including those in the building trades, overrode their economic self-interests by cutting the rate of construction. "The people," says Mrs. Claire Benson, a civic leader, "had to choose between continued growth and their kids' needs. They chose."

Other communities have passed laws limiting the height of buildings, thus curbing population density. Sanbornton, N.H., has zoned half its land against tract developers, ruling that new houses can be built only on six-acre lots. Livermore, Calif., issues building permits on the basis of the availability of water, sewage facilities and schools. Carson City,

HARVEY SWANSON



Nev., has chosen Boca Raton's route, and will cut off any further growth when its population hits 55,000.

Moratoriums and other emergency devices mainly represent a desperate reaction to the processes of uncontrolled growth. Since World War II, for instance, the rich potato farm lands of Nassau County, just beyond the eastern limits of New York City, have been transformed by tract houses, shopping centers, neon strips and drive-ins. Today the county is 96% fully developed, and the old distinctions between town and country are completely blurred in the semiurban mess. Similar helter-skelter growth afflicts counties around every major city, from coast to coast.

Taking drastic steps to ease the immediate pressure of development barely confronts the basic issue of what kind of future a town really wants. Communities are slowly learning that the only long-term solutions come from proper planning for land use. That means putting the right development in the right place. For at least a while, the economic costs are sure to be high. Comprehensive planning alone costs the average town \$60,000. In addition, taking land off the market for environmental reasons is sure to drive up surrounding land values. But like the costs of preventive medicine, the long-term gains are worth the short-term expense. By banning inappropriate development through planning, towns will save the prohibitive costs of providing the new areas with roads,



SENATOR HENRY JACKSON

sewers, schools and police and fire protection.

Edward J. Logue, an administrator who has guided successful programs for New Haven, Boston and New York State, sums up the case: "If land use were mapped out in advance, there would be no speculative value on land. If development were ordered, there would be plenty of room for everyone to live properly. It isn't that we have to invent a process. We just need to commit ourselves."

Some effective commitments are being made at every level of government. In San Diego, for example, the city under Republican Mayor Pete Wilson is using its zoning powers to restrict the amount of housing construction around the city's edges and to expand building in the downtown areas, where it is really needed. Meanwhile, the state of Vermont under Democratic Governor Thomas P. Salmon is taking a different approach—using its taxing powers.

The problem in Vermont is that development and speculation are constantly pushing land values up. As values increase, so do property taxes—and many poor Vermont farmers cannot afford to stay on their land. To help keep them down on the farm, the legislature passed a law setting a heavy capital gains tax on short-term land sales, thus curbing speculation. Still another new law pegs the property taxes not to the market value of the land, but to the landowner's income. A family earning less than \$4,000 a year henceforth will pay no more than 4% of its income in property taxes, for example, while a family earning over \$16,000 will pay no more than 6%.

Certainly every community has to work out its own "process" to meet its own needs, and there is a wide variety of effective models all over the U.S. A sampling:

Ramapo, N.Y. When John F. McAlevy first ran for town supervisor of this New York City suburb in 1965, he campaigned on a platform of controlling growth. He had seen the local population triple since 1940. He also recognized that developers largely determined the patterns of growth, paying little heed to the integrity of the rolling landscape or to the tax consequences of their actions. McAlevy promised to save Ramapo from being submerged in a sea of little houses. He won that election and every one since.

McAlevy's first step was to draw up a master plan for the area and then a zoning ordinance based on that plan. To prepare further for future development, the township set six-year capital budgets for public works. By 1969, the whole package of coordinated controls went into effect. Now, before any project is approved, the developer must prove that it conforms to the master plan and will not overload municipal services, including sewers, roads, parks and playgrounds. If those services do not yet exist, the developer has either to wait until the township builds them on schedule, or else to provide them at his own cost.

Last year, ruling on a suit by landowners and developers who wanted to overthrow McAlevy's program, the New York State Court of Appeals upheld—and praised—Ramapo's

scheme. Says McAlevy: "What we fought for was the right of a community through its elected officials to chart its own destiny."

Fairfax County, Va. This pleasant suburban area outside Washington, D.C., has been troubled by a population surge. In 1969, residents organized to vote out county supervisors who wanted more growth and to vote in candidates who pledged to control it. By 1971 the new board knew that it had to do more than slow growth. It appointed a task force, led by Rufus Phillips, a county supervisor and professional regional planner, to figure out how the county should grow. Surprisingly, guidelines were found everywhere. "We researched everything that is going on here and abroad," says Phillips. "We sat down with the city planners; we studied Ramapo's action. We looked at British and Scandinavian efforts, where the governments largely control development planning. Then we turned to the citizens, sent out questionnaires through the county, held open workshops and public hearings. It took six months to put a program together and another 18 months to put it all into effect."

Fairfax's 161-page program reads like a comprehensive planner's primer. The plan will deploy a full arsenal of conventional planning devices: a new master plan and a zoning ordinance, staged capital programs, an inventory of all the area's resources, from buildings and playgrounds to fields and streams. Beyond that, the county will require developers to describe the environmental impact of their projects before construction is approved. Some \$2,000,000 from revenue-sharing funds will be budgeted for buying unspoiled property for "land banks."

More important, the county is starting to tackle the hard issues that have direct social effects. It has passed an ordinance, now being contested in the courts, to make all developments of more than 50 dwellings include some housing for low- and moderate-income groups. Next on the agenda is an investigation of whether Fairfax County can recapture through a "re-zoning tax" some of the increased land value created by public spending on new roads, schools and sewers. Says Phillips: "What we are trying to do is orchestrate growth. We want to balance such things as transportation, housing and schools with the quality of life."

Lake Tahoe, Nev. and Calif. Parts of the spectacularly beautiful Lake Tahoe basin have become popular resorts, complete with trailer parks, motels, casinos, water skiers and tacky little houses. Sewage, seeping from ill-planned septic tanks, has begun to pollute the once crystal-clear waters. Because the California-Nevada boundary cuts across the basin, officials of both states recognized that joint action was necessary to prevent any further deterioration. In 1969, the states joined to create an agency with a wide enough jurisdiction to cope with the ills of the entire basin.

The Lake Tahoe Regional Planning Agency was given broad powers to impose development standards on the coun-

RESIDENTS SAILING PAST HANDSOMELY DESIGNED HOMES AT



ties in the basin. The agency first made a study of how much development the basin's soil and water could support and the kind of development that would least harm forests, parks and scenery. From the study, the agency produced land-use maps and set ground rules for what developers could and could not do.

Far from utopian, the Lake Tahoe plan provides for an eventual population of 288,000 in the basin. But the commission sharply restricted subdivisions on the slopes of the surrounding mountains and along the shore fronts and streams. It will therefore remove a total of 34,000 privately owned acres from "development opportunity," mostly by buying them, or exchanging them for parcels of existing park land that can be developed with little environmental damage. But the plan also overturns a cherished concept. Says Nevada Rancher Ray Kinsley, a commissioner of the agency: "I used to think that we could own the land from the center of the earth to the top of the sky. Now I know better."

Indeed, all plans assume that society, represented by an appointive or elected agency, has a right to tell private landowners what they can do with their land. Thus, as Americans ask for more and more land-use plans, they do so at some cost to their own freedom. Developer James Rouse of Baltimore says: "We are in the midst of the most rapid, radical change in the concept of property rights in our history. It's good. There may be excesses, but in a great rush our society is saying that we won't squander the land any more."

Understandably, many affected landowners disagree, and are seeking redress in court. At Lake Tahoe, for instance, not only is the regional commission being sued for some \$200 million, but the commissioners are also being named in other suits. Asked how much the suits against him amount to, Ray Kinsley calmly replies: "Haven't counted. Maybe \$235 or \$240 million. I'm in court for the rest of my lifetime, I guess."

The legal foundation for all such cases is the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution, which specifies, "... nor shall private property be taken for public use, without just compensation." The 14th Amendment adds that private property shall not be taken "without due process of law." Traditionally, the courts have upheld land-use regulations that leave property owners some "reasonable use" of their land. That is, a man owning 100 acres would still have reasonable use if zoning restrictions were changed to allow only ten houses instead of 100 to be built on his property. The crunch comes when he is left no economic use at all—and that happens more and more often.

In Stratford, Conn., for example, the Rykar Industrial Corp. wants to develop 277 acres of the Great Salt Meadow that it has held for more than 20 years. But under Connecticut's wetlands law, the state now regulates development on the ecologically valuable marsh and refuses to issue Rykar a permit to dredge and fill the land. Rykar has sued, charging that the state has illegally "taken" its land. In compensation,



HOMESTEADERS AT O'NEILL, NEB., 1904

the company wants \$77.7 million. The case, or another like it, eventually will be heard by the U.S. Supreme Court, which will have to make a decision that will strongly influence the course of America's land use.

Land-use laws diminish not only the traditional rights of landowners but also the power of local governments. As a result, home rule—the right of local governments to determine their fate without outside interference—has become the banner under which opponents of planning rally. The issue is at the heart of controversies from Utah, where rural counties do not want to be told by the state how to deal with their land, to Martha's Vineyard, Mass., where islanders are hotly debating whether to accept the Federal Government's jurisdiction over their development.

New York State's Urban Development Corp. has suffered too. A quasi-public organization, it was formed in 1968 by the state legislature mainly to build low- and moderate-income housing—fast. The UDC was given unprecedented powers to "override" all the local zoning ordinances and construction codes that hamper building. After launching new towns in the country and apartment projects in cities, the UDC turned to the New York City suburbs, asking nine middle-income commuting communities to accept some 900 units of such housing. Citizens' groups in the towns immediately balked, saying that the UDC should not thrust itself into their affairs. By last May they had mustered enough political support in the state capital to have the UDC's override powers stripped away by the legislature. Home rule prevailed.

Unfortunately, the pious talk about home rule often disguises an uglier issue. In Bedford, N.Y., for example, a woman who opposed the UDC's low-cost housing proposal stated: "Let one of those people in, and they'll bring their whole families from Carolina!" Similarly, when other suburban communities try to exclude new residents—especially blacks—their arguments invariably evoke traditional land controls.

"It used to be that the liberals were for zoning and the conservatives against it," says Harvard Urbanologist Paul Ylvisaker. "But now the situation has reversed itself, causing almost a conspiracy to use zoning against the poor and the blacks." Even the issue of the environment has been twisted to serve racist ends. Lawyer Richard Babcock, who has fought exclusion in the federal and Illinois courts, says: "Frequently environmental reasons are used as a legitimate cover for less respectable motives."

The states are probably as much at fault as the communities themselves for such abuses of land-use controls. They have neglected their constitutional right to control land use within their borders, making local governments—which are much more susceptible to pressures by local power groups—accept that responsibility almost by default. But now the states will have to recover their original power, whether they want it or not. Congress is almost sure to enact a major law this fall that will force states to oversee all development of their land.

Drafted by Washington Democratic Senator Henry M. Jackson, chairman of the powerful Interior Committee, and passed in the Senate by a 64-21 vote last June, the National Land Use Policy and Planning Assistance Act does not fix policy at all. Instead, it provides \$1.1 billion over eight years to help states devise a process of planning and "methods of implementation" for their plans. The states would have to pay special attention to: 1) areas of critical environmental concern, notably shore lines, floodplains, wildlife habitats; 2) areas affected by key facilities that induce growth, notably highways, airports, power plants; 3) large-scale private de-

CELEBRATED NEW TOWN OF RESTON, VA., NEAR WASHINGTON





RAILROAD STATION AT QUECHEE, VT., ca. 1900

velopments; and 4) land bordering new towns. An amendment wisely calls for state regulation of recreational-land sales to ensure that new projects will not cause environmental troubles and that developers are financially capable of carrying out their proposals.

In its present form, the Jackson bill also starts to put the Federal Government's own houses in order. Right now, some 122 separate federal programs that affect land use remain to be coordinated. It is not unusual for one agency, dealing with highways, say, to clash with another dealing with air quality. The bill requires Washington to coordinate its programs with state plans. How much that provision will affect public lands—the Federal Government owns one-third of U.S. land and still makes piecemeal decisions as to its use—remains to be seen.

The most controversial question before the House, how-

ever, is whether to penalize the states that refuse to develop plans or put them into effect. If Jackson had his way, the Government each year would withhold from recalcitrant states an increasing percentage of their annual federal funds for highways, airports and land- and water-conservation programs. The Senate did not include those penalties in its bill, and the House's decision on them is much in doubt. To proponents, including the Administration, the penalties are absolutely necessary to prod the states to action. To opponents, the penalties represent an unnecessary "gun at the Governor's head."

The penalties should be enacted if for no other reason than that most states are traditionally reluctant to accept planning. Tough minimum standards should also be written into the act. At present the bill rather generously assumes that the states can produce good plans.

Many other new approaches are needed. Among them:

REGIONAL-PLANNING authorities should be encouraged wherever possible. These can treat whole watersheds or air basins and thus cope with environmental questions too large for local governments. They also are needed around cities, where growth is often the concern of several counties. One model: the Twin Cities Metropolitan Council in Minnesota, which plans development for nine counties and has veto power over growth-inducing facilities—including projects like airports and sewers.

Earth Movers and Shakers

The future of the nation's land is being shaped by a great number and variety of people. They are thinkers, politicians and planners as well as the developers who actually send out bulldozers and work crews to realize designers' dreams in steel, glazers, concrete. Naming all the earth movers and shakers would be impossible, but here are some of the most influential.

LAURANCE S. ROCKEFELLER, 63, often called "America's Mr. Conservation." The third son of John D. Jr., he has given family land outright to the U.S. (33,500 acres to Grand Teton National Park, 5,000 acres to the Virgin Islands National Park). Rockefeller-started resorts in St. John, Puerto Rico and Hawaii pay for maintaining surrounding areas of unspoiled natural beauty. Laurance Rockefeller serves on state and federal commissions, including recent task force on land use and urban growth. His philosophy: "Land-use planning is essential to environmental quality and good urban growth, and to this end, the public good must transcend individual property rights."

IAN L. MCHARG, 52, nation's leading "ecological planner." Scots-born, trained as a landscape architect. Believes building profits and environmental protection are compatible—developers follow nature's own designs. Has proved the point (with the Philadelphia-based firm of Wallace, McHarg, Roberts & Todd) in plans for projects in exurban Baltimore, Minneapolis and elsewhere. Example: to provide drainage system for new town of Woodlands, Texas (eventual pop. 150,000); and save the surrounding forests, his firm identified natural drainage patterns of the soils, then used them instead of concrete conduits, saving \$16 million.

JAMES W. ROUSE, 59, probably the U.S.'s most innovative developer. Began as a Baltimore mortgage banker, pioneered in building shopping centers. In 1966 began constructing new city of Columbia, Md. (current pop. 32,000), between Washington and Baltimore. Has proposed a new town on Staten Island, and a regional plan for Hartford, Conn. "Development on a large scale

is the only way that land use can be rationalized, that the environment can be handled sensitively, and that the social purposes of the community can be fulfilled."

TRAMMELL CROW, 59, Multimillionaire Dallas-based real estate financier whose Trammell Crow Investment Co. has bankrolled dramatic additions to urban skylines in 25 states, Europe and South America. Recent building projects that Crow has helped finance include the \$150 million, 131-acre Park Central business and recreation center in North Dallas, Atlanta's \$175 million Peachtree Center, San Francisco's Embarcadero Center (the last two with Atlanta Architect John Portman). Conservative and lukewarm toward the environmental movement, he attributes his success to a pragmatic "Sunday-school" philosophy of hard work, learning from mistakes and, above all, correctly anticipating real estate needs.

DEVELOPER ARTHUR COHEN



HOME BUILDER EMIL HANSLIN



NEW TOWNS should be more strongly created. One reason when these long-term, large-scale projects are begun by developers, they know that they will be on the site for years and be easy targets for complaints and lawsuits. Thus developers tend to plan better and build better. The U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development should help to finance—not simply guarantee loans covering—the high early costs (planning, road and sewer building) of new towns whose builders pledge to include substantial amounts of housing for the poor. HUD should also streamline bureaucratic procedures now ensnaring existing programs. For their part, local governments should help to hold down soaring land prices in regions that are becoming urbanized so that big parcels of land there can be acquired without producing windfalls for speculators. This might be done by levying heavy taxes on speculative profits, as in Vermont.

TOP FARM LANDS should be preserved, perhaps by putting them into "agricultural preserves." In such areas, the farmers' property taxes are reduced—if the owners pledge not to sell out to developers for a specified period of time.

ZONING RULES should be updated and upgraded in almost every community. Instead of arbitrarily dividing up a township, local governments should analyze their growth rates and coordinate them with future capital-spending programs. In addition, they should forbid the development of flood plains

and other environmentally fragile—or dangerous—areas. These can properly be reserved, however, for parks, golf courses and other recreational uses. After doing this, the towns should draw their zones to guide development selectively—not exclude it.

OPEN SPACE must be set aside and, wherever possible, made available for public use and enjoyment. Some areas are of particular value: coastal dunes that protect the shore front, forests that reduce floods, wetlands that start biological food chains. In addition to outright purchase or donation, there are many ways to preserve these areas. Towns can tax themselves to buy "greenbelts," or they can buy "easements"—the rights to keep property from being developed without actually buying the property itself.

CLUSTER PLANNING should become the rule rather than the exception. Instead of taking a parcel of land and carving it into the greatest number of lots, developers should cluster their houses together to prevent sprawl and preserve open space. In return, they avoid the expense of building long roads and sewer lines through their projects.

Such measures are far from unrealistic. Citizens seem ready to accept the legal, financial and social consequences of more planning in exchange for less haphazard, wasteful growth. Given that new mood, there is a strong chance that more and more land will be wisely used.

EMIL HANSLIN, 52. One of the most innovative mass home builders. Pioneered in clustering houses in recreational development of New Seabury, on Cape Cod, Mass. (1962). There, also built "special interest" villages for golfers, sailors, horsemen. Also used special groupings in a year-round planned community at Middletown, Conn. Invented idea of saving open land at Eastman, N.H., vacation-home project; each landowner gives a piece of land back to community. Newest project is farthest out: a religiously oriented, back-to-the-land community on 1,300-acre farm in Grantam, N.H.

BERNARD WEISSBOURD, 51, lawyer turned iconoclastic developer. President of Chicago-based firm, Metropolitan Structures, which has \$3.5 billion of work in progress, most of it notable for design quality. Included are new towns near Aurora, Ill., and Montreal, redevelopment in downtown Baltimore and a billion-dollar apartment-office-store complex

ECOLOGICAL PLANNER IAN MCHARG

near Chicago's Loop. Delights in challenging accepted notions. Example: favors replacing homeowners' income tax deductions for mortgage interest payments—a "regressive subsidy," he says—with direct subsidies from Washington.

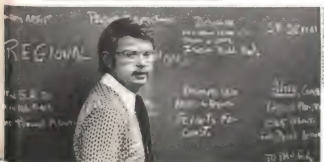
ARTHUR COHEN, 43, boss of the U.S.'s largest publicly held real estate enterprise, Manhattan-based Arlen Realty & Development (holdings: \$1.5 billion). Cohen is worth more than \$50 million. Began in 1954 by building houses on Long Island; made his first million speculating in Florida. Went on to construct luxury apartments and small office buildings. Now concentrating on building suburban shopping centers and revitalizing older centers in the cities, but has also begun work on Aventura, a planned community that will house 55,000 people in North Miami. Agrees that movement to restrict use of land is "valid and proper, so long as it is not carried to the extent that it impedes adequate development."

RICHARD D. LAMM, 38, Colorado state legislator who is in the forefront of brash new band of growth critics. Led successful campaign against locating the 1976 Winter Olympics in Vail and Steamboat Springs, on ground that the Games would cost the taxpayers too much, lead to overdevelopment of trailer parks, second homes and industry and attract huge crowds of people—some of whom might settle in Colorado. An ex-dock worker and lumberjack he champions strong Colorado law controlling land use (a weak measure failed to pass Colorado legislature this year). Plans to use issue as his major plank in campaign for governorship in 1974.

ELI BROAD, 40. Head of Kaufman and Broad, which he built into the nation's largest independent home builders (revenues: \$340 million in the past year), by offering low- to middle-income tract houses at prices below those of competitors. His cost-cutting techniques included substituting slab foundations for basements and carports for garages. A former accountant, he now concentrates on his firm's long-range plans while taking local governments to task over obsolete zoning laws and inadequate building ordinances. Complains Broad: "It is more profitable and much less complicated for a housing producer to destroy the environment than to spend time, money and effort devising a creative land plan over which he must then fight city hall's rules and probably lose."



COLORADO STATE LEGISLATOR RICHARD LAMM



TIME's Board of Economists

The Outlook: Higher Prices, Slower Growth

A decade ago, when the U.S. economy seemed a more domesticated creature than it has of late, the nation's cost of living was considered excessive if it increased more than 2% during the course of an entire year. Last week, in a stunning sample of the inflationary explosion that has pounded away at prosperity this year, the Government calculated that living costs rose almost that much during August. At a time when the Nixon Administration's latest freeze was being lifted, it found retail prices shot up 1.9% above those of July—the biggest jump in 26 years. It was, said John T.

fuel, mortgages, medical care and telephone service, among other economic necessities. The ineluctable result of the across-the-board rise in living costs was to drive down the real spendable income—earnings that have been discounted for inflation—of U.S. workers. Thus, despite a slight increase in wage levels for the month, the real income of factory workers declined by 1.9%.

The Administration's bleak inflation report had been fully expected by the members of TIME's Board of Economists, who met last week to evaluate the last quarter of 1973 and offer their

preliminary forecasts for next year. They agreed that further cost increases built up during the summer freeze had yet to work their way through the economy to consumer price tags. Noted the Brookings Institution's Joseph Pechman: "When you also rack into your calculations continuing high agricultural prices and increases in worldwide metal prices, regardless of what happens to the economy, living costs have to go up." When they do so, consumer prices for the whole of 1973 are expected to increase by 8%, the biggest advance since 1947. Again, the major cause is food-price increases.

Furthermore, board members foresaw only moderate relief on the price front for next year, combined

with a marked—and possibly serious—downturn in economic growth. The consensus was that inflation would continue at about 5%—a previously painful rate described by Washington Economist Robert Nathan as something that "I'm afraid we are going to say 'Let's learn to live with.' " In effect, the economists agree that many U.S. decision makers have inflated the size of the price increases they consider tolerable. Walter Heller, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers from 1961 to 1964, would nonetheless continue to try to force prices down. Said he: "The rationale for being tough with controls for some time to come is extremely strong. For one thing, our only chance of avoiding a really vicious price-wage spiral is to hold prices in check and to give labor the feeling that you are doing just that." Heller believes that the Administration "flubbed it" in introducing Phase IV because its spokesmen kept

saying, "We ought to be out of it by the end of the year." He approvingly noted that more recently there has been a change of mood among the top economic policymakers, a determination to "stick with it for a longer time."

Even Money. The nation's real economic growth, TIME's economists predicted, will dip substantially from this year's 6% to a meager 2% or even less in 1974 and will hover just above the zero mark for perhaps two quarters. Pechman noted that three forces should protect the economy from any worse blows than those: a continuing high level of spending by businessmen for new plant and equipment, a devaluation-spurred shopping spree for U.S. goods by foreign nations and purchases by currently flush state and local governments. Despite these strong points, all of the board members thought that a full-blown recession in 1974 remained an uncomfortable—though outside—possibility.

As ways to avoid it, the TIME group unanimously urged the Federal Reserve Board to begin reversing its current super-tight money policy, which has forced the prime rate for business lending to historic highs. Unless interest rates decline, the members said, they will put a damper on the business spending that is counted on as a main sustaining point in coming months. Arthur Okun, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under Lyndon Johnson, believes that if the Fed squeezes the money supply too hard for too long, the going wage on recession changes from a "long shot to even money or favorite bet." Basically, Okun argued, "momentum is the name of the game in economic activity, and if the economy starts losing its drive, it is not likely to simply plateau and pick up again. Unless the economy keeps growing, you get negative influences on business investments, which tend to make what begins as a simple business recession something far more serious."

The economists were likewise unanimous in hoping that the Administration will quietly forget any thought of a tax increase at present, including the notion of a "refundable" income tax surcharge that Nixon was recently reported by Chief Domestic Adviser Melvin Laird to be considering. "I don't think that an increase in taxes now would moderate inflation noticeably in the next six to nine months," said Pechman, adding that it might well adversely affect consumer demand. Combined with the choked-off money supply, Okun said, a tax increase would be like "adding ether to chloroform."



Dunlop, chairman of the Cost of Living Council, "one very bad set of numbers."

In what has become an all too standard ritual, the consumer price report showed that food prices accounted for most of the overall rise, reflecting higher costs for a variety of goods, including meat, fish, eggs, bread and milk. Echoing Administration spokesmen who sought to talk down the importance of the wholesale price report for August two weeks earlier, Gary Severs, a member of Nixon's Council of Economic Advisers, pointed out that farm-level prices for some food commodities have substantially declined since August. But Dunlop was not having any of that. "I'm very much concerned with the food-price picture," he said.

But the historic August surge in prices was not wholly a food phenomenon. Nonfood prices rose at the uncomfortably high rate of .5%, reflecting higher consumer charges for apparel, heating



"Crunch."

HOUSING

Props for the Future

In a flurry of budget cutting last January, the Nixon Administration clamped an abrupt moratorium on all Government-subsidized housing for low-income families. Since then, tight money and towering interest rates have put an equally prohibitive crimp in the housing-buying plans of middle-income families. As a result, housing starts in the U.S. have severely declined from once record levels; last month they sank to a yearly rate of 2,045,000, their lowest level since October 1971.

Last week, in his long-awaited housing message, President Nixon tossed out a bundle of proposals for stimulating home building at all price levels. He also presented a plan for providing direct cash payments to low-income buyers as an alternative to subsidized housing.

Many of the President's recommendations for stimulating construction require congressional approval. These include 1) offering tax credits of up to 3½% to financial institutions supplying home loans, 2) raising the Federal Housing Administration loan limit on a single-family house from its present \$33,000 to \$40,000 or more, and 3) providing legislation to enable families to pay only partial fees for several years after they purchase homes, then later, after they have reached higher-income years, to make larger mortgage payments.

An experimental program of direct housing payments to help low-income families rent or buy homes has been operating for some time in ten cities. If Congress approves, the President wants to expand the program gradually. If its proposals are acted on, the Administration estimates, they could add 150,000 starts to the housebuilding industry's forecast of about 1.8 million next year.

ANTITRUST

Print-Out Against IBM

The David v. Goliath legal struggle could not have been more aptly cast if its participants had been selected by, well, a computer. There, as defendant, was the International Business Machines Corp., the \$9.5-billion-a-year giant of the computer industry, facing charges that it had illegally monopolized a fast-growing segment of its business. IBM's accuser was Telex Corp., a Tulsa-based manufacturer of "peripheral" components used with computers, which last year printed out a net loss of \$13 million and has earned a total of only \$7,000,000 in the best (1971) of its ten years in existence. Presiding over the trial was a 68-year-old federal judge who came out of semiretirement in Utah to decide one of the most complex antitrust cases ever and who backed up his instructions to the opposing computer-firm attorneys by quoting poet Robert Frost to them.

Last week Judge A. Sherman Christensen chose a path that for both sides may well, as Frost once said, have "made all the difference." In a decision that reverberated throughout the computer industry, stock market and financial community, he found that IBM had engaged in "sophisticated, refined, highly organized and methodically processed" efforts to force Telex out of the peripherals market. For damages, he awarded the struggling firm the largest antitrust judgment ever rendered in the U.S.—\$352.5 million. Moreover, Christensen ordered IBM to revise drastically some of its business policies in ways that are designed to allow other computer firms to successfully compete against it.

High Growth. Not surprisingly, IBM announced that it would immediately appeal for "an expedited decision" reversing Christensen's orders. The original verdict, said IBM Chairman Frank T. Cary, surpasses "any judicial precedent and contains serious errors of fact and law." Though IBM would hardly be bankrupted by the huge damage award—it amounts, when adjusted for potential tax write-offs, to about two months' profits for the corporation—Cary implied that it was far too high.

Admitting the difficulty of arriving at precise damages, Christensen found that Telex had lost \$47.5 million in potential profits on equipment that the smaller firm was forced to underprice as a result of IBM's "predatory" marketing practices. He also decided that Telex was due another \$70 million in possible earnings on equipment that it might have sold but for the same practices. Following standard antitrust law, the judge then trebled the \$117.5 million total, to the final award of \$352.5 million. The actual damages calculated by the court, Cary claimed, assume that Telex would have increased its earnings ten times over a three-year period—a "highly unusual growth rate."

The award produced a highly unusual growth rate indeed for Telex—in one fell swoop it nearly tripled the company's total assets. Roger M. Wheeler, 47, the normally quiet, gray-suited chairman of Telex and the man primarily responsible for pressing the first successful antitrust suit ever decided against IBM, was jubilant. "The award is a great thing for us, but it is also a great thing for the industry," said Wheeler. "The customers will ultimately benefit because it will make for better products and better price performance." The company, of course, will not collect its sudden bonanza while the case is tied up in appeals, a process that could last for years. But if the judgment is upheld, Telex will ultimately pocket interest payments as well—which pile up at the rate of nearly \$100,000 per day, or half as fast as the firm's current sales.

The court found that Telex was far from blameless in its own business practices. In a countersuit, IBM was awarded \$21.9 million for losses suffered in the theft of computer secrets by Telex, which was forbidden for the next two years to hire ex-IBM employees without court approval. Yet IBM, whose mighty stock shot down 38½ points to 259½ in the two trading days following the decision's announcement, had experienced a rare defeat that might grow even more serious in months to come. For one thing, other small peripheral manufacturers are expected to follow the Telex lead and file suit for their own alleged antitrust damages. For another, the decision may give impetus to a four-year-old Justice Department suit that has charged IBM with monopolizing the entire basic computer market.

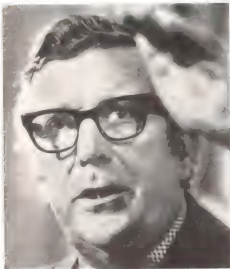
TELEX CHAIRMAN ROGER M. WHEELER



LABOR

A New Work Model

Working around the clock in tense and sometimes sulfurous sessions, weary negotiators for the Chrysler Corp. and the United Auto Workers last week welded together a new three-year work agreement. The two sides shook hands just two days after the union had called a strike, making it one of the shortest nationwide walkouts in U.A.W. history. If, as expected, the deal wins approval in a rank-and-file vote that ends this week, the way will be clear for Chrysler to resume operations almost immediately. U.A.W. President Leonard Woodcock scarcely concealed his glee in pronouncing the settlement "precedent setting."



U.A.W. PRESIDENT WOODCOCK
"Real statesmanship."

an assessment in which most auto chiefs concurred

The accord provided boosts in wages and fringe benefits adding up to at least 7% annually, thus stretching the Nixon Administration's 6.2% guideline rule. Yet the wage provisions alone were remarkably modest: a 5.4% increase in the first year, bringing the pay of the average assembly-line worker up 62¢, to \$5.70, and 3% for each of the next two years. The Administration provided a clear signal that it was satisfied with the deal. The terms, said the director of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, W.J. Usery Jr., exemplify "real industrial statesmanship." That endorsement is certain to weigh prominently on members of the Cost of Living Council, who must approve the contract before it becomes final.

Most of the innovations in the Chrysler settlement were in the area of working conditions and fringe benefits. The most important:

► A drastic weakening of the compulsory overtime rule, a cherished management prerogative and the key stick-

ing point in negotiations. Union members complained that work schedules lasting twelve hours a day, seven days a week, were ruining their home lives. Under the new pact, Chrysler cannot require employees to work more than nine hours on any day. Furthermore, workers can refuse to accept Sunday schedules, and they do not have to work more than two Saturdays in a row.

► A full "30 and out" pension plan, which permits workers to retire after 30 years' service, regardless of age. Under the old contract, workers had to be at least 56 before they could exercise a "30 and out" option. The new plan becomes effective by stages over the next six years and also provides more generous payments. By 1978, a retiree will collect a pension of \$700 monthly, including whatever Social Security benefits he has coming.

► An improved cost of living formula that will add 1¢ per hour to wages for every .35 of a point increase in the consumer price index.

► Provision for full company payment of any payroll tax that is enacted by Congress to support a national health-insurance plan. Two such plans have been bottled up in the Legislative Branch for more than three years, both of which would be supported by contributions from employers and employees. The idea of transferring the full load to the company is certain to be picked up by other unions, and thus stiffen labor's demands for enactment of a national health-care plan.

The new agreement covers Chrysler's 127,500 U.S. and Canadian workers. Woodcock's next job is to win the same package at General Motors and Ford, which employ some 614,000 workers covered by U.A.W. contracts. The union chief has said that he will seek no larger economic concessions from the Big Two than those won at Chrysler—but will accept no smaller ones. The outlook for a strike-free agreement seemed to remain optimistic. Reviewing the Chrysler deal, a Ford executive said: "It looks like a pretty big, fat settlement, but I haven't heard anybody saying it's a package we can't live with."

Whatever the blessings of the swift Chrysler agreement, they are hardly without inflationary costs. Council Chairman John T. Dunlop admitted that "a further round of auto price increases" is soon inevitable.

AIRLINES

The Veteran Pilot

At an elegant Manhattan dinner party some years ago one of the guests tried to start a conversation with the man to her left by asking how many languages he spoke. The balding, big-chested diner looked up from his plate and replied: "One—poorly." For Cyrus Rowlett (known universally as "C.R.") Smith, one has always been enough.

Born to a hardscrabble family in Minerva, Texas, Smith built American Airlines from a struggling group of merged regional carriers in the mid-'30s to one of the nation's fastest-growing and most profitable lines in the '60s. In 1968 he finally jetted off to Washington to serve as Commerce Secretary in the last days of the Johnson Administration.

Last week American decided that it wanted to hear Smith's kind of language again. The company's board called the now 74-year-old C.R. out of an active semiretirement with a Wall Street investment banker and installed him once again as American's chairman. Smith replaced the scholarly, soft-spoken George Spater, whose most recent misfortune had been to admit that in 1972 the company made an illegal



AMERICAN AIRLINES' C.R. SMITH
Trying for wizardry.

\$55,000 contribution to President Nixon's re-election campaign. Smith showed up at his office overlooking Manhattan's East River by 8 a.m. the next morning, greeting old friends and pecking out the brief, curt notes to American executives for which he became famous. Said an official of the airline: "Employee morale took an upturn in the last 24 hours the like of which has not been seen here in years."

It has a long way to climb. On the same day as the Smith appointment, American announced that its losses for the first eight months of the year had risen to a staggering \$26.3 million, vs. a profit of \$12.4 million over the same period in 1972. Financial analysts expect the red ink for all of 1973 to exceed \$30 million. The company's underlying problem is that it owns far more wide-bodied jets than it can run at a profit (TIME, July 2)—a dilemma that even Smith's wealth of experience and operating wizardry may be hard pressed to solve. Even so, the news of Smith's return had one tonic effect, the company's pallid stock actually rose about 8% to 11%.

CINEMA

Compound Fracture

ENTER THE DRAGON

Directed by ROBERT C. CLOUSE

Screenplay by MICHAEL ALLIN

Lee (Bruce Lee) is the invincible master of Oriental martial arts. "What's your style?" inquires an admirer. After a moment of reflection, Lee says: "You can call it the art of fighting without fighting." That seems a clever enough description, if hardly adequate for the bone-crushing yet graceful combat that erupts with virtually every new scene in *Enter the Dragon*. Lee dispatches his antagonists nimbly, with the kind of Kung Fu acrobatics that make every maneuver, no matter how elaborate, seem effortless.

The fights—all staged by the star himself—have an almost choreographic flow. Their frequency, which keeps the movie racing blindly along, leaves little room for plot, and only a minimum is supplied. Bruce Lee (who starred last spring in *Fists of Fury*, one of the first of the current wave of Kung Fu epics) is engaged to penetrate an island fortress ruled by Han (Shih Kien), a sort of made-in-Hong-Kong version of *Doctor No*. Han traffics in dope and white slavery; his only contact with the out-

side world is the martial-arts tournament he holds every three years. Lee, armed only with his hands and flying feet, is sent to bring Han to justice.

On this mission, he gets a certain amount of support and comic relief from two Americans named Roper (John Saxon) and Williams (Jim Kelly). Roper is a fast-talking scam artist; Williams is black and supposedly a prodigious sexual athlete.

Shot in Hong Kong by Warner Bros., *Enter the Dragon* is made—in English—with Hollywood expertise and a certain rather lighthearted affection for the excesses and silliness of the whole Kung Fu genre. During one of the hero's few moments of repose, he advises a pupil who wants to learn the secrets of personal combat: "Feel—don't think." With that injunction in mind, the movie can be flat-out fun, a sort of carnival of combat that can turn even a sophisticated audience into a group of gawking kids at a Saturday matinee. In fact, the only real disappointment about *Enter the Dragon* is that it is Bruce Lee's last movie. Shortly before its release, he died in Hong Kong at the age of 32. The coroner gave the cause of death as an edema (swelling) of the brain, a finding that is being investigated further in an inquest.

★ Joy Cocks



LEE (LEFT) ON THE ATTACK IN *DRAGON*

French Postcard

LE SEX SHOP

Direction and Screenplay by CLAUDE BERRI

The Rue St. Denis in Paris has achieved, as the guidebooks might say, a certain renown for the variety of physical entertainment available both to the serious shopper and the casual pedestrian. In this unlikely location, Claude (Claude Berri) runs a bookstore dedi-

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Brother Timothy F.S.C.

CELLARMASTER, THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

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CINEMA

cated to more cerebral pursuits. He is a family man, with a sprightly young wife (Juliet Berto), snug in the insulation of his books, but a little concerned that his shop does not flourish.

A real estate broker friend persuades him to convert it into something more appropriate to the neighborhood. He stocks his shelves with volumes of pornographic fantasies and the apparatus to make them real—everything from vibrators to leather harnesses. The place is renamed *Sex Shop*, with every letter over the door spelled out in light bulbs that burn brightly even at noon. Browsing, except by minors, is encouraged. The professional women of the neighborhood are a little rankled at the competition, but business booms.

The effects of making more money and living in the midst of sexual stimuli



BERRI WITH BERTO & ROMAND IN *SHOP*
Like kids playing doctor.

can be guessed with a minimum of imagination, which is precisely what Director-Writer Berri has brought to bear. He does manage to avoid passing quick moral judgments. In fact, he manages to avoid judgments or insights of almost any kind in his general dither to be cute. Everything in *Le Sex Shop* is cute: the frustrated husbands and thwarted libertines, the perversions, the jokes, the whores, even the erotic apparatus. For the viewer, the effect of all this simultaneous coyness and brashness is like getting chucked under the chin with a dildo.

Claude comes under the influence of a couple of married swingers (Nathalie Delon, Jean-Pierre Marielle) who try to enlist him in the joys of communal sex. He is tempted but resists, and instead uses his wife as an outlet for his mounting energies and disintegrating inhibitions, as well as his expanding knowledge of geometrically complex sexual postures. After his wife persuades

him to hire a clerk to staff the shop (Beatrice Romand). Claude tries to seduce the clerk, but she turns out to be more interested in Claude's wife. Finally everybody goes off on a sort of free-for-all Mediterranean cruise. In the worst tradition of French farce, Claude's wife fakes infidelity with another man to arouse her husband's dormant jealousies and revive his sense of the bourgeois proprieties.

Claude's customers, his fellow seekers after sexual peace through profligacy, are all a little shabby, a little desperate, but Berri can see no urgency or meaning in their needs. He treats them all like a crew of school kids caught playing doctor. As a film maker, he lacks what his characters are all trying to find: passion. ■ J.C.

Calling Howard Hawks

COPS AND ROBBERS

Directed by ARAM AVAKIAN

Screenplay by DONALD E. WESTLAKE

"It only takes one good idea..." So runs the old American saw about the old American dream of overnight wealth. *Cops and Robbers* is about a pair of the former (attractively played by Joseph Bologna and Cliff Gorman) who turn into the latter in order to lift themselves out of their installment-plan lives as neighbors in a Queens cul-de-sac. Although they fail to score on their prime target, a vaultful of bearer bonds in a Wall Street brokerage house, they finally lay a solid hit on a secondary target of opportunity—the Mafia—and walk off chortling.

The viewer is less fortunate. It may still be possible to get rich off a single idea, but it has never been possible to get a feature's worth of laughs out of one. Indeed, it is doubtful that the cop-crook reversal even qualifies, at this late date, as a genuinely good idea. Even if it did, it would require the support of dozens more—plot twists, character revelations, surprising situations and, above all, gags, gags, gags—to make it work. In all of these areas, Director Avakian and Writer Westlake (adapting his own novel) are too lazy.

In fact, *Cops and Robbers* would hardly be worth mentioning were it not so drearily typical of what passes for humor on the screen these days. It is true that we lack clowns of legendary status, but that is not really the problem: given something to do, actors like Bologna and Gorman would do it very nicely. The trouble is a lack of literate lunatics like, say, Hecht and MacArthur among the screenwriters; a lack of directors like, say, Howard Hawks, who can get to the point and then stick to it until the last laugh has been squeezed out. Sometimes such people tried to cram too much into too small a space. But it is far easier—and more fun—for the moviegoer to try to absorb too much than to try to keep his spirit up while hiking through a blank space.

■ Richard Schickel



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Tribute to an Original

"I feel that you have some good stuff in you," said Tin Pan Alley Publisher Max Dreyfus as he offered the 19-year-old composer a \$35-a-week retainer. "It may take months, it may take a year, it may take five years, but I'm convinced that the stuff is there. Just stop in every morning, so to speak, and say hello."

As the publisher of the already esteemed Jerome Kern, Dreyfus did not have to say that to everybody. But then, George Gershwin was not just any song plugger. One morning Gershwin said hello with a little ditty called *Swanee*. After Al Jolson got through with it, Gershwin could stop plugging other people's songs. His own style—spirited, harmonically rich, melodically simple but full of pungent surprises—was crystallized in a string of subsequent hit songs (*Somebody Loves Me*, *Stairway to Paradise*, *The Man I Love*) and Broadway musicals (*Lady, Be Good!*, *Strike Up the Band*, *Funny Face*, *Girl Crazy*, *Of Thee I Sing*). By his late 20s, when Gershwin sought (unsuccessfully) to take some composing lessons from Maurice Ravel, the popular question was why he would want to be an imitation Ravel when he was already an original Gershwin.

Amateur Painter. This week, on the 75th anniversary of Gershwin's birth, the music, record and publishing worlds are paying tribute to that originality, and to the man behind it. Among the new LPs, the most irresistible is a Nonesuch release on which William Bolcom plays Gershwin's piano pieces, including the composer's variations on songs like *Clap Yo' Hands*, *S'Wonderful* and, of course, *Swanee*. An exhibition at Manhattan's Hallmark Gallery shows Gershwin to have been versatile enough to double as a gifted amateur painter and caricaturist, if somewhat prone to self-portraits. Also in Manhattan, a party at "21" features him as a performer on piano rolls, some of which he made for as little as \$5 each and which prove all over again that he was a crackling good pianist. He cascaded over the keys, true to his belief that "the more sharply the music is played, the more effective it sounds."

The new and updated books range from Charles Schwartz's carefully detailed but somewhat precious biography *Gershwin, His Life and Music* (Bobbs-Merrill: \$12.50) to the New York Times's handsome songbook, *The Gershwin Years in Song* (\$14.95). Dominating them all is Athenum's *The Gershwins* (\$25). Written and edited by Biographer Robert Kimball and Gershwin Intimate Alfred Simon, cleverly designed by Bea

Feitler, *The Gershwins* is an ingenious "scrapbook" containing just about everything in the way of letters, documents, recollections, essays, chronologies, manuscript pages and pictures that one would want to read or see concerning George and his lyricist older brother Ira, now 76.

Most of George and Ira's boyhood was spent on Manhattan's Lower East Side, where their father, a Russian-Jewish emigrant named Morris Gershwitz, was busy buying one business, then selling it for another, rarely with much financial success—restaurants, Russian and Turkish baths, bakeries, a cigar store, a pool hall. Ira was the scholar, George the scrappy, street-fighting member of the family. It came as a surprise that, when the new secondhand upright piano was hoisted through the window—Mamma Rose's present for Ira—it was George who twirled the stool down to size and began playing a skillful version of a current pop song. Unwilling to admit his fondness for music, George had been practicing at a friend's house.

By age 15 George was good enough to land a job demonstrating songs at a Tin Pan Alley publishing house. There he and a young dancer named Freddie used to play piano for each other and dream. "I told George how my sister and I longed to get into musical comedy," recalled Freddie. "He said, 'Wouldn't it be great if I could write a musical show and you could be in it?'" *Lady, Be Good!*, starring Fred and Adele Astaire, was less than a decade away.

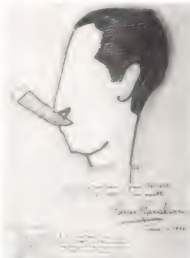
In 1922 Gershwin and Lyricist Buddy DeSylva wrote a one-act opera called *Blue Monday*. It was a mediocre, somewhat patronizing blackface sketch, but it reflected Gershwin's characteristic fascination with Negro music, especially jazz, with its syncopation and soulful

"blue" notes. It also proved to be the first step toward two of Gershwin's finest works—*Porgy and Bess* and the *Rhapsody in Blue*. The latter was commissioned by Bandleader Paul Whiteman, who had been in the pit for *Blue Monday* and had been dazzled by the Gershwin style. From then on, Gershwin was involved simultaneously in the worlds of concert and theater music.

Never Pompous. His serious works—also including *An American in Paris*, *Second Rhapsody*, *Concerto in F*—posed a problem for his admirers and detractors alike. They were colorful and inventive, overflowing with melody, but they were also rambling and essentially immune to the subtleties of classical form. The same could have been said, however, of the flashy, exhibitionistic piano concertos of Franz Liszt. In truth, Gershwin's long-haired music had—and still has—a wondrous improvisational momentum. For all its naiveté, it is pure, simple fun, never pompous or overbearing, always strongly individual.

Gershwin was an exuberant extrovert, an irrepressible performer who loved parties, the spotlight and women. Thus it was doubly a shock when, in 1937, he became ill in the midst of performing the *Concerto in F* with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and suffered a memory lapse. "George, what happened?" cried Pianist Oscar Levant running backstage. "Did I make you nervous or was Horowitz in the audience too?" Actually, it was more serious than that. Although his doctors could find nothing wrong, Gershwin languished, grew moody and depressed. In the next few months, headache attacks began to mount in frequency and severity, and his coordination began to fail. One night he fell suddenly into a coma, and within 48 hours was dead—of a brain tumor. He was 38.

EDWARD STEIGER



GERSHWIN IN SELF-CARICATURE;
COMPOSING AT THE KEYBOARD



How King Rained on Riggs' Parade

Midway through the third and final set, Bobby Riggs shuffled to the sidelines complaining of cramps in his playing hand. As Rhea Blair, nutrition adviser of the Bobby Riggs Traveling Chauvinist Pig & Nostrum Show, massaged his falling prince's hand, some anonymous TV director captioned the scene—and the entire evening—with commendable brevity. Floating across the screen came the words **BOBBY RIGGS 55 YEARS OLD**.

That was the main message following all the hoopla at the Houston Astrodome last week. The putative Battle of the Sexes turned out to be one more sorry chapter in the story of the ancient struggle between sclerotic age and limber youth. In three straight sets that lasted 2 hr. 5 min., Billie Jean King, 29, the pride of women's tennis, briskly dispatched Robert Larimore Riggs, the huckster who had hustled the world of spectator sportsmen into believing that you really can go home again.

Pumped up with enough hot air and hard dollars to start a respectable Balkan war, the big evening maintained its P.T. Barnum air—at least until the principals squared off across the net. Workaday Texas fans mingled with celebrities who had jetted into Houston for the occasion. Before the match, such diverse names as Andy Williams and Claudine Longet, ex-Football Star Jim Brown, Heavyweight Champion George Foreman, Actor Rod Steiger and Actress Jo Ann Pflug (in a clinging blue jersey with I'M A BILLIE JEAN KING FAN stenciled on the back) swirled through a champagne party (\$1 per glass) on the green-carpeted Astrodome floor. There were a few rounds of beautiful-people tennis (the Williams-Longet team beat Merv Griffin and Sandra Giles, a Riggs playmate). The 80-piece red-coated University of Houston Cougar band blared such anomalous songs as *Jesus Christ, Super-*

star while comely majorettes did a Rockettes routine out front. Even Umpire Jerome Morton got into the act, wearing a modish gray velvet tuxedo and red flared shirt that the U.S.L.T.A. would surely never sanction.

For the ABC-TV audience (an estimated 48 million), the show began with a male-female duet of *Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better*. That was followed by the omnipresent Howard Cosell in his own flashy tuxedo—which seemed rather like a smoking jacket on a whooping crane. The experts on hand were Gene Scott and Rosemary Casals; both worked hard to demonstrate their sexist bias. Scott never had a chance in the face of Ms. Casals' steady barrage of anti-Riggs billingsgate.

Bosom Buddies. The climax of the opening ceremonies seemed to herald a match between Genghis Khan and Catherine of Russia. King was borne in on a red-draped gold divan by four bare-chested men wearing slave armbands, while Riggs entered in a ricksha pulled by five of the ample girls he refers to as "bosom buddies." He presented Billie Jean with a large Sugar Daddy sucker ("for the biggest sucker in the world"); the stunt had Billie Jean's full cooperation, since it reportedly earned each a fast fat \$20,000. King responded by giving Bobby a live baby pig, appropriately named Larimore Hustle.

Then came the main event, a mixed singles mismatch between one excellent tennis player in her prime and another champion pathetically past his. To make matters worse, right at the start the psycher seemed to become the psyche. As he made his duck-footed appearance before the largest crowd ever to witness a tennis match (30,472) as well as a Super Bowl-size TV audience, Riggs was grim, nervous, almost ashen. Billie Jean was stretched taut also, but it was the tension of a superior athlete



BOBBY LOOKING SUDDENLY OLD

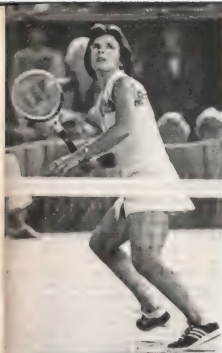
fully confident of her capabilities

Sure enough, though she started out playing as cautiously as Riggs. King took her first service easily. While switching sides, Riggs, still cocky, gave Tennis Promoter Dick Butera 2-1 odds (putting up \$10,000). He then ran his best streak of the night, winning seven straight points. The fat cats in the \$100 front-row seats, bedecked with signs that read **WHISKEY, WOMEN AND RIGGS** and **WHO NEEDS WOMEN?**, sat back and gleefully awaited a rout. It came, but not in the fashion that they or almost anyone else expected. King moved swiftly to the attack. She drove Riggs back to the far corners of the court, whipping him back and forth along the baseline like a bear in a shooting gallery. She fired low volleys at his feet, destroyed his famous lobs, put away almost every shot within reach. "I never could get over her head," Riggs later admitted. He unaccountably fed her appetite for backhand smashes and volleys; a full 70 of her 109 points

RIGGS IN RICKSHA & FEMALE FRIENDS

KING ON DIVAN WAVING TO FANS BEFORE MATCH





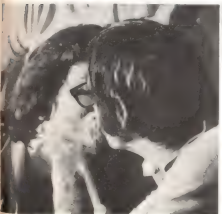
BILLIE JEAN ATTACKING

were outright winners—shots that Riggs never touched. Time and again he was forced to watch helplessly as Billie Jean rushed the net and slapped the ball past him. Between sets, Riggs' son Jimmy, 20, said: "Come on, Dad, wake up." No chance. Riggs never really got into the game.

How had Riggs persuaded the oddsmakers, the sportswriters, many casual fans—to say nothing of himself—that he was the favorite? His Mother's Day drubbing of Margaret Court had proved little except that Court rattles easily. Still, Jimmy the Greek Snyder suggested odds of 5 to 2 on Riggs. Eleanor Tennant, one of Riggs' first coaches, predicted that her protégé would win easily. Like almost everyone else, she was taken in by the conventional wisdom that an adequate male player should be able to beat a first-class woman. Almost everyone was wrong.

After the match, Lornie Kuhle, Riggs' resident tennis partner and vi-

A POST-MATCH SMOOCH



tamin-pill dispenser, said: "It was like Bobby finally realized that the final exam was here and he hadn't studied for it." Riggs agreed: "It was a case of overconfidence and not preparing." He admitted to underestimating King's speed and agility, adding: "Whenever I thought I had the point won on our exchanges, she saved it."

One of Billie Jean's best assets was Riggs himself, who never really got around to keeping his promise of doing a full month of hard training before the match. There were too many blondes to squeeze, too many reporters to hustle, too many products to hawk (TIME cover, Sept. 10). In the days before the match, Riggs skylarked around Houston, trying to build up the gate and have some laughs. He beat Dr. Denton Cooley, the noted heart surgeon (the purse \$100 and a free medical checkup, in which Riggs got high marks). He played one of his handicap farces with a Memphis shoe salesman, picking up a fast \$100, and then took \$300 in a swift one set match from Larry King, Billie Jean's husband. Billie Jean, meanwhile, was training hard by lifting weights to strengthen her ailing knee and by playing tournament tennis against the best women players around.

When it was finally over, Riggs had lost everything except his sense of humor. "At least," he said, "I had enough gas left to jump over the net." Then he and Billie Jean posed one more time for photographers, who naturally demanded that they smooch. "I'm liable to turn you on," Riggs told her. King took the risk, responding, after several encores: "They're good kisses." At which Riggs jumped up, yelling: "Hey! She took it back! She says I'm not a creep any more."

London Bridge. Maybe not, but neither is he the pig to beat any more. To paraphrase Shakespeare and Sam Goldwyn, the match was a performance full of tinsel and glamour, signifying nothing—except that the hustle is over. Bobby's latest con has run its brief course. He automatically called for a rematch, insisting, "I feel I would do better next time." But his heart was hardly in it. Billie Jean's initial response: "Give me 24 hours and a beer to think it over." Meanwhile, Promoter Jerry Perenchio is talking up a second Court-Riggs contest, this time in Australia—if anyone is interested.

Bobby is also threatening to make partly good his promise to jump from the Pasadena Bridge if he lost (he has substituted the London Bridge, now situated in Lake Havasu City, Ariz., a leap that would presumably cause him no injury). But where would the spotlights be? No, the circus trappings of the Bobby Riggs Traveling Chauvinist Pig & Nostalgia Show—the chairs on the court, the pails of water, the poodles, the vitamin pills, the Hai Karate shave—have been gathered, and the carnival tents have been struck by Billie Jean King's rampaging racket.



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PAN AMERICAN 747 AFTER ITS DESTRUCTION BY PALESTINIAN TERRORISTS (1970)

THE LAW

What Is a War?

The suspicious pilot had personally searched the two men before the take-off from Amsterdam, but once the Pan American 747 was aloft they pulled pistols from crotch holsters and announced that they were hijacking the plane on behalf of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. They ordered the plane to Cairo and eventually blew it up. That was in September 1970. While worrying about the series of Arab hijackings, Pan American also had a more mundane problem: Who was going to pay for its \$24,288,759 plane? Was the 747 covered by the regular "all-risk" insurance issued by a group of 30 companies? Or were the Palestinians at war—and if so, was the plane covered by special war-risk insurance (in which case the U.S. Government would have to pay 40%)?

Nothing so concentrates the attention of lawyers as large sums in dispute. No fewer than five top law firms argued the case in a New York federal court because of the variety of insurers involved. Wall Street lawyers flew off to the Middle East to interview Israelis, Palestinians and other Arabs. Witnesses included not only the pilot of the 747 but a former commanding general of the Palestine Liberation Army, who was quietly flown into New York from Syria. "We have learned probably a good deal more than was necessary," sighed Judge Marvin Frankel last week as he announced his decision.

The central question was whether the hijacking represented "war" or "warlike operations," and thus was excluded from general or all-risk insurance. Frankel concluded that even the term "warlike operations" does not "encompass the infliction of intentional violence" by nongovernmental political groups upon civilians far from the scene of any regular fighting. Even if the semi-organized armed clashes with Israeli forces were "warlike," that would scarcely extend "the adjective to all bombings, killings and destruction anywhere under P.F.L.P. auspices." The judge went on to state that the relatively tiny group's activities were also not part of any "civil war," "insur-

rection," "riot," or "civil commotion."

Frankel was moved by the general legal maxim for all-risk insurance whatever is not clearly excluded is covered. Still, as the jurist wryly admitted, "judges are commissioned to be fallible." Especially in \$24,288,759 cases. The guerrilla army of lawyers, who by now have charged an estimated \$1,000,000 in fees, have already begun sorting through Frankel's 128 pages of opinion and 56 footnotes as they prepare to fight anew in the appeals court.

Enter Professor Bork

Robert Heron Bork is not used to going unnoticed. Possessor of a jaunty red beard and a formidable conservative intellect, he was a natural standout among his faculty colleagues at Yale Law School, a longtime seat of liberal legal scholarship. He moved to Washington this summer as Richard Nixon's new Solicitor General, but so many other notable law professors swirled through town to advise on Watergate proceedings that Bork scarcely raised a ripple.

Now that is about to change. The Supreme Court begins its fall term on Oct. 1, and Solicitor General Bork is the man who will talk to the Justices on behalf of the U.S. Government. As such, he can focus the court's attention by helping to choose which cases the Federal Government asks the Justices to hear as well as by the line of argument he decides to make. In addition, in his role as supervisor of U.S. appeals at every level, he controls the flow of cases throughout the appellate system.

The most dramatic case heading for the court is, of course, the controversy over President Nixon's tapes. But Bork will not be directly involved because the Justice Department's special Watergate prosecutor, Archibald Cox, is arguing against Presidential Lawyer Charles Alan Wright. Thus there is no single Government position for Bork to maintain. Even so, he will, in effect, be heard. He has entered a suit filed by a Ralph Nader group seeking a variety of White House working papers relating to the raising of milk price supports shortly after large campaign contributions were

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THE LAW

made by dairymen. Bork opposed the release of such papers, not on the ground of separation of powers or mere Executive privilege, as is being argued by the White House on the tapes case. Instead, he cited a case in which the NAACP was permitted to preserve the privacy of its membership lists because the Supreme Court concluded that releasing the lists would have a "chilling effect" on the members' First Amendment rights of free speech and free association. Release of discussions on the milk case, said Bork, would compromise the First Amendment rights of White House personnel. Bork has discussed his inventive alternative approach with the President's attorneys, and it may turn up as part of their tapes argument.

Bork is an enthusiastic Nixon supporter, having publicly backed him in 1968 and 1972. "I like him. He's an intellectual politician," says the law professor. But he readily admits that "in some areas I'm the Government's hired gun. I'd enforce a policy even though I might disagree with it." Indeed, as a scholar he has criticized the Nixon Administration's antitrust policy for not being sufficiently laissez-faire, but he is fully prepared to argue in court against his own academic position, if necessary.

Not Timid. An expert in constitutional as well as antitrust law, Bork says he was once a "conventional New Deal liberal," but began changing his mind under the influence of conservative professors while he was at the University of Chicago Law School. Graduated in 1953 after being managing editor of the *Law Review*, he was hired by a top Chicago firm and seemed well on his way to a lucrative position when he became "bored practicing law." He had nearly decided to go into journalism as a *FOR-TUNE* writer when Yale Law offered a teaching position. After ten years in New Haven, Bork had settled happily into the standard scholarly clutter of his office, a roomy faded yellow stucco house with his wife and three children, a 1968 Volvo to get back and forth between them, and faint daydreams of some day chucking it all for isolation in Vermont. Then one evening, in the middle of a martini and a TV episode of *The Avengers*, Washington called.

Bork's first official move after taking the Solicitor General's post served notice that his brand of conservatism is neither predictable nor timid. Like 15 other states, Georgia has filed suit to overturn presidential impoundments of funds that were authorized by Congress. Georgia wants the Supreme Court Justices to hear the case directly—without the delays of the appeals procedure.* Bork might well have opposed such a move, preferring to let the question of presidential power languish for a while in lower

*The Constitution permits the Supreme Court to take original jurisdiction of a case in a number of situations where a state is bringing a suit. Last March it settled a typical such suit by determining that the boundary between Texas and Louisiana is the middle of the Sabine River, not the western bank as Louisiana had contended.

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THE LAW



BORK IN HIS NEW OFFICE
Sometimes a hired gun.

courts. Instead last month, Bork agreed with Georgia that the impoundment issue should be faced now by the court. "There are presently pending in the federal courts 37 suits involving the validity of spending controls," said Bork's memorandum to the Justices. If the high bench were to appoint a "special master" to take evidence in the cases, and were then to swiftly review the master's findings, Bork argued, the resulting precedent would save a considerable duplication of effort in lower courts.

For all his conservative reputation, Bork defines himself more precisely as "a classical liberal—someone who thinks that governmental intervention in individual affairs always has to be examined closely to make sure that the benefits of the intervention exceed what are bound to be the costs." In a series of interviews, *TIME*'s David Beckwith sought a sense of how that general philosophy might apply to the positions the new Solicitor General will be urging the Justices of the Supreme Court to adopt.

Racial discrimination is one example of an area where the court has a proper constitutional mandate, in Bork's view. But when it comes to school financing, he approves the Supreme Court decision last March that the Constitution does not require the state to balance spending in rich and poor school districts. "Everyone talks about what a shame it is that the Supreme Court failed to require the equalizing of public school expenditures," he says. "But nobody talks about whether the court is the proper body" to accomplish that end. For Bork, "this is obviously an area that is best left to the political process, not the judicial."

In his opinion, the court's ability to end inequities and solve social problems is vastly overrated. Its efforts strain its

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N. Y. Times Magazine



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THE LAW

authority, lowering the law to just another element in the power struggle. To maintain a loftier claim to the status of final arbiter, "the courts should wander around only in those areas where the Constitution puts them in business. In other areas, we should be ruled by our democratically elected legislative representatives. Sure, I'm somewhat worried about the possible tyranny of the majority. But what is the alternative? If the majority isn't making the decisions, then somebody else will, and that's what I'm afraid of."

Aid for the Unborn

When is a child a child? Clergymen, physicians and legal experts have disagreed on the precise moment when an unborn fetus becomes an independent life. In its abortion decision last January, the U.S. Supreme Court held that a state may not protect a fetus until it becomes "viable," that is, after approximately seven months in the womb. In 18 states, however, authorities have decided that a pregnant woman can receive welfare payments for her unborn child, just as for any other child, because Congress specified that the Social Security Act was meant to encourage "continuing prenatal care and protection." The Department of Health, Education and Welfare, however, has always considered such aid optional.

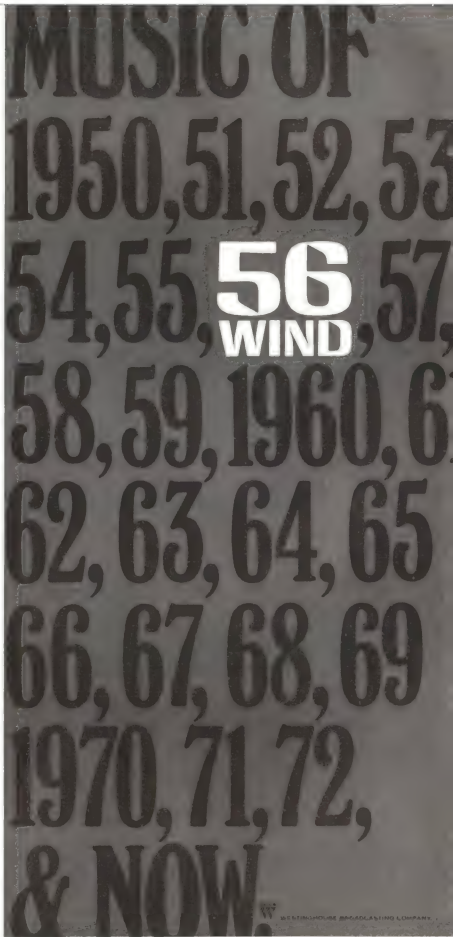
Now pregnant women in seven other states have brought suit to get these benefits. In four of the seven cases—Mississippi, Indiana, Iowa and Illinois—federal judges have ruled that the Act requires the state to provide aid for the unborn (judges in Georgia and New Jersey have ruled for the state, and Nebraska's case awaits a hearing).

Mississippi Attorney General A. F. Summer complained that "this certainly creates an anomaly. The time for payments has been moved backward from birth to conception. I hope they decide to stop there. If we have to begin with the gleam in the eye, who will do the counting and the certifying?" Summer is appealing the decision, as are the losers in all the other cases.

Blood Money

"Thirty dollars or 30 days" was once a standard sentence for petty offenses. Now in Lexington, Ky., errant motorists are being given a novel choice by judges: your money or your blood.

Speeders, reckless drivers and those who have run through a stop sign or a red light can elect to give a pint of blood instead of paying a fine and court costs—unless those two total more than \$29.50. The option became available in Fayette County quarterly court this month; in the first week, 15 out of 190 defendants, given the choice, have rolled up their sleeves for the local blood bank. If an offender's blood is rejected because of some disease or other factor, he has to go back to court and pay the fine.



Post Office

LETTERS TO FELICE

by FRANZ KAFKA

Edited by ERICH HELLER

and JURGEN BORN

Translated by JAMES STERN and

ELISABETH DUCKWORTH

620 pages. Schocken Books. \$17.50.

Nobody could be clearer about the incomprehensibility of the world than Franz Kafka. Novels such as *The Trial* and *The Castle*, stories such as "The Metamorphosis," "The Hunger Artist" and "The Burrow" are the fairy tales of the modern cloven spirit. Ordinary men awake to find they are helpless insects, or are found guilty of unknown crimes by unknown judges. One man wastes away in a cage, not because he is being starved but because he has never found the kind of food he might want. No grails are to be found in Kafka, no word or gesture ever turns frogs—or beetles—into princes.

Like dreams, Kafka's fables flow naturally out of their private coherence. He was a master at using familiar realistic detail to divine the hidden currents of fear and inconsolability. His influence has been enormous since Max Brod—friend, literary guardian and biographer—had Kafka's novels published posthumously despite the author's dying instructions to burn them. Kafka has inspired much fiction and literary criticism. In a recent issue of *American Review* (No. 17), Philip Roth contributed a compassionate sketch of Kafka that—yes—metamorphosed into an autobiographical fantasy. Roth imagined that Kafka did not die of tuberculosis in 1924 at 41, but emigrated to New Jersey where he became Roth's Hebrew-school teacher and suitor of his maiden aunt.

Roth's feat of scholarship and imagination is an excellent place to begin *Letters to Felice*, now published for the first time in English. Kafka's confessional correspondence to the nice Jewish secretary from Berlin who from 1912 to 1917 was twice his fiancée but never his bride. Erich Heller's introduction, though heavily written and somewhat abstract, does pinpoint Kafka's "moral hypochondria . . . a man ready to feel guiltily responsible for what he knows to be a flaw in the order of the world."

Kafka never married, though he needed the idea of woman. He spent most of his passion on postage stamps

Only in the last, painful year of his life did he taste real happiness with Dora Dymant, a 19-year-old Hebrew scholar. As sympathetic companion, nurse, mistress and daughter figure, she telescoped into those fleeting months all that Kafka had sought in a woman.

Kafka met Felice in 1912 at Max Brod's Prague apartment. He was 30 and still entertained hope of marriage to a bright, cheerful, uncomplicated girl. A month after her return to Berlin, his first letter began a seduction aimed not at getting Felice to bed but at idealizing her on a pedestal where she could intensify his feelings of inadequacy.



FELICE BAUER & KAFKA

God's own holy spoiled brat.

"I am in the mood for continual and, as it were, circular complaining," he writes, as the formal *Sie* changes to the intimate *Du*. In two and sometimes three letters a day, Kafka compiled a monumental case history of his neuroses. Each balanced sentence, each self-lacerating perception seems to be an end in itself. It is almost as if Kafka set up the situation so he could write about the turmoil it caused him. He despised himself for still living at home with his mother and father, a bluff haberdasher whom Kafka attempted to blame for his neuroses. For the full treatment read *Letter to His Father* (Schocken Books, 1953), 45 pages of controlled rage, respect, affection and revulsion.

Though his letters to Felice point shakily toward marriage, Kafka tells her only of his drawbacks. He claims to be weak and easily fatigued. He raises the suspicion of impotence: "You are a girl

and want a man, not a flabby worm on the earth." He writes how he hates his civil service job at Prague's Workers' Accident Insurance Institute.

He presents himself as hopelessly mendacious. God's own holy spoiled brat. Nobody expresses that blind human appetite for having everything at the same time as well as Kafka: "I strive to know the entire human and animal community, to recognize their fundamental preferences, desires, and moral ideals, to reduce them to simple rules, and as quickly as possible to adopt these rules so as to be pleasing to everyone . . . to become so pleasing that in the end I might openly act out my inherent baseness before the eyes of the world without forfeiting its love—the only sin—ner not to be roasted."

In November 1912, Kafka reports that he has half-completed "an exceptionally repulsive story." It is "The Metamorphosis," and he explains to Felice that it springs from "the same heart in which you dwell." Because he is wedded to writing, he warns that his wife would necessarily lead "a monastic life." Still, after only a few face-to-face meetings, they became engaged during Easter 1914. Almost immediately Kafka's letters began to carry complaints of headaches and increasing insomnia. By July the engagement was over.

The letters continued, however. During the summer of 1916, Franz and Felice spent a week together in Marienbad. If there was any physical intimacy between them, the letters make no allusion to it. One month after the announcement of the second engagement in July 1917, Kafka writes Felice of his first tubercular hemorrhage. He seems to have broken the news with a sense of relief. TB was not only a way out of marriage but, he believed, nature's final judgment—the fatal wound caused by his warning selves.

Felice Bauer's letters to Kafka have never been located. It is obvious from his later correspondence that she had despaired of any future with him. Within a short time she married a successful German businessman. For Kafka, such a conclusion had probably been clear from the beginning. By marrying he would not be gaining a wife but losing a pen pal.

—R. Z. Sheppard

Half-Told Tales

PENTIMENTO: A BOOK OF PORTRAITS

by LILLIAN HELLMAN

297 pages. Little, Brown. \$7.95.

Lillian Hellman has had the kind of life that Zelda Fitzgerald and many another lost lady wanted and thought she deserved. Hellman drank with the big boys, but held her liquor and her health. Her 30-year love affair with Dashiell Hammett (*The Maltese Falcon*)

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was the kind of tough-tender romance that Hemingway daydreamed about in his novels. Most important, she had a successful career as a playwright: twelve Broadway plays, eight of them hits, and one, *The Little Foxes*, a classic.

She was a woman of action too. Shortly before World War II she made a perilous trip across the German border with \$50,000—the price of freedom for 500 Jews. She was equally skilled in personal combat. She once flung a chair through Tallulah Bankhead's door. On another occasion, having learned that Hammett had another woman in his Hollywood house, she flew across the country, smashed up his bar, and caught the next plane back to New York.

It would be pleasant to report that Hellman writes her memoirs in the same forthright, energetic fashion as she apparently lived her life. Alas, not so. Four years ago, she published a quirky, episodic volume called *An Unfinished*

GEORGE HAGERMAN



HELLMAN WITH HAMMETT, 1945
Virtuoso of ellipsis.

Woman. Her new book covers different material in the form of portraits of people whom she loved at one time or other, plus a chapter about life in the theater and an anomalous, charming piece about a snapping turtle.

To her credit, Hellman is neither a name dropper nor a restaurant and resort recorder. Those stand-bys of nostalgia, Gerald and Sara Murphy, crossed her path, but she merely remarks that they were perhaps "not as bonny or without troubles with each other" as they are usually depicted. Edmund Wilson appears, not as a mighty mind but as a comfortable pal who said sane things. Dorothy Parker was a close if infuriating friend. In 1937 she and Lillian traveled to Paris together. Parker was invited by the rich and famous to "tennis she didn't play and pools she didn't swim in." She thought, says Hellman sharply, "that nobody could buy her. She was wrong; they could and did for years." It is a rather sad irony that the book should be called *Pentimento*, an artist's term for an old image

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BOOKS

that reappears through later repainting done on a canvas. Singular and moving memories flicker everywhere, but few emerge clearly.

The author's self-portrait is shadowy. She likes her tough side, noting that a friend once said, "I've always liked your anger, trusted it." From girlhood, Hellman went for the impulsive gesture, skipping school to trail shady relatives around New Orleans, insulting proper ones. The writing often recalls Gertrude Stein's stonier prose—obdurate, flat and mannered. Hellman is a virtuoso of ellipsis, a quality that doubtless served her well as a dramatist. In *Penitence* she seems to take pride in leaving out connectives, or capping a half-told tale with a brief coda, unrelated except for the faintest resonance of tone.

Though he appears infrequently, Hammett steals every scene he is dragged into. There is a long account of a poor relation named Beth who became a Mafia moll and therefore someone Hellman idolized as a girl. She thought of Beth the first afternoon she slept with Hammett. "As I moved toward the bed I said, 'I'd like to tell you about my cousin, a woman called Beth.'"

"Hammett said, 'You can tell me if you have to, but I can't say I would have chosen this time.'"

A patient man, Hammett. Again and again, Hellman requires similar restraint from the reader. ■ Martha Duffy

Bed and Board

UPSTAIRS AT THE WHITE HOUSE

by J.B. WEST

381 pages. Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. \$8.95.

When the young J.B. West first went to work as assistant to the chief usher at the White House in the spring of 1941, he found his boss busy making a room ready for F.D.R.'s son John Roosevelt, who was just getting out of the hospital. "Is he very ill?" asked West. Indeed not, replied the chief usher. John had nothing more than a medium case of the sniffles. You see, he explained, "this goldfish bowl is made of magnifying glass."

West went on to become chief usher himself. Now retired, after 28 years of service to six First Families, he has applied his own magnifying glass to the everyday detail of life at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue and produced a dignified, yet down-home look at a series of tenants who moved in with a four-year lease but sometimes stayed on longer.

As chief usher—the title is left over from the days when the job consisted of "ushering" visitors in to see the President—West was in a unique position to observe his First Ladies. If no man is a hero to his valet, no lady can remain unknown to the man who controls the management, the personnel and the purse strings of her household. West's efforts to keep a diary were short-lived, but he has an observant eye and an astonishing memory for detail. Eleanor

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BOOKS



WEST, JOHN-JOHN & MRS. KENNEDY
"They're not too spoiled?"

Roosevelt, he recalls, was "never once alone in the same room with her husband." Mamie Eisenhower, pink ribbon in her hair, propped up against her personally designed pink-tufted headboard, grandly issued commands at her daily bedside staff meeting like a general preparing for D-day. Jacqueline Kennedy instructed West to run the house as he would "for the *chinniest* President ever elected." Why? Because, she confided, "we don't have nearly as much money as you read in the papers." Boss Truman spent long evenings with H.S.T., editing his speeches, discussing his policies, and entering into "nearly every decision the President made."

West is no tattletale. Nothing here to set tongues clucking, despite the author's dutiful one-paragraph references to the sleeping habits of the various presidential couples. (The Eisenhowers were the only pair to share a bedroom, "so I can reach over and pat Ike's old bald head any time I want to." Mamie once explained.)

Still, with more than due respect and the grandfatherly twinkle of one who has seen 'em all come and go, West offers the reader a fly-on-the-wall view of such things as a housemaid and F.D.R., in turn, discovering House Guest Winston Churchill's proclivity for stomping around his rooms, chomping his cigar, stark naked. West recalls Harry Truman's unreconstructed Southern mother's downright refusal to sleep in Lincoln's bed. Lyndon Johnson's specially installed, multinozzled, Texas-strength shower nearly knocked the newly elected Nixon clear out of the bathroom.

Although West obviously harbors a special regard for the Kennedys, their portraits seem less revealing than the others, perhaps because the public heard so much about Camelot when it was in

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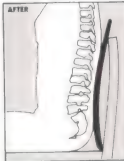
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BOOKS

flower. Still, few readers will forget Jacqueline Kennedy after the President's funeral: the stunned widow, about to leave the White House, pleadingly questioned West, "My children are good children, aren't they? They're not too spoiled?"

■ Judy Fayard

Quicker than the Eye?

ALL FIRES THE FIRE
by JULIO CORTAZAR
152 pages. Pantheon. \$5.95.

To deal in illusion but not be dissolved as an illusionist is the nearly unsolvable problem of a writer like Julio Cortazar. For him the short story is the perfect form—a fine dazzle, then a quick curtain and nothing left but spots on the retina. But an entire collection of Cortazar's glittering tricky fiction invites the reader's eye to outguess the magician's hand. The mood that results is a profitless mixture of admiration and something not unlike contempt.

The only cure is to wait two months between short stories, and this the reader is urged to do. One of the best stories in the first of the collection (thus readable immediately, with no waiting) is called *Southern Thoroughway*. It concerns a monstrous traffic jam that develops when vacationers make the mistake of trying to return to Paris one hot Sunday afternoon. As sweat, futility, broiled metal and curses coagulate into semi-permanency (the jam continues through the night, through the next day, the next night, endures for a week, persists for a month, maybe for two months, well into snowy weather), the response of the afflicted motorists is, astonishingly, to become human. They leave their cars, sporadically talk, exchange rumors and even pool provisions.

Tribes develop among drivers trapped near each other. Foraging parties are appointed (but for the most part are repulsed by landmen living near the motorway), and the sick are cared for. Then, with a rumble of tires on concrete, traffic at last begins to move. The new society disintegrates.

The special quality of Cortazar's subtle nuttiness deserves much patience. Its essence is caught in a simple story called *The Health of the Sick*. Alejandro, the favorite son of a large and loving Argentine family, is killed in an auto accident, the author explains. It is felt that his aging mother could not stand the shock of this news, so family members conspire to pretend, through an elaborate series of forged letters, that the son has suddenly been called abroad by his employer. The fraud continues for a year or so, until the mother dies. Three or four days later the last of the forged letters from "Alejandro" arrives for his mother. One of Alejandro's sisters opens it, and finds herself in tears. "She had been thinking," Cortazar writes bremusely, "about how she was going to break the news to Alejandro that Mama was dead."

■ John Skow

A BURST OF SUNSHINE

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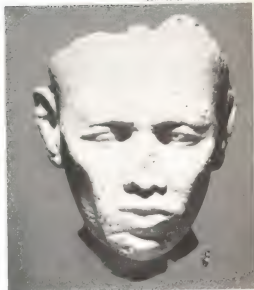
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AKHENATEN & NEFERTITI



HEAD OF A MAN

Power and Some Glory

Hieratic, square-shouldered, level-eyed, they seemed as impressive and impassive—and as remote—as the pyramids they built. This was the image of Egypt's pharaohs, bodied forth in stone by the royal sculptors, for some 1,500 years. Then, in 1378 B.C., began the reign of Amenhotep IV. For a time so remote in history, the records are understandably imprecise. But it seems clear that in his 17-year rule, Amenhotep IV changed the style and direction of its art.

To celebrate the 150th anniversary of its founding, the Brooklyn Museum has assembled a rare collection of objects from Amenhotep's reign, largely through the efforts of Curator Bernard V. Bothmer, who has spent three years negotiating the loans. Some 200 in all, the objects range from beautifully incised bas-reliefs of domestic life to sensitively molded small heads of princesses, high officials and the merely young.

Perhaps Amenhotep was one of the first student radicals. At any rate, he succeeded to the throne at about 16 and set out to revolutionize the age-old system of multiple deities, substituting a single god, Aten, symbolized by the sun. In fact, he changed his own name to Akhenaten, meaning Useful to Aten. Women's Lib would have loved him; he gave equal billing, in bas-relief and statuary, to his Queen, Nefertiti. She was portrayed in the sleek drapery she might actually have worn, one shoulder bare, a clasp under her right breast. In dark red quartz, the



NEFERTITI TORSO

Queen's torso, on loan from the Louvre, is one of the beauties of the exhibition.

Akhenaten himself had a pot belly, epicene limbs and a receding forehead, and he had himself portrayed that way. With such an example of candor, the portraitists of lesser dignitaries seem to have really looked at their sitters, producing heads that represent real people with individuality rather than conventional images. Even the royal family was portrayed in familiar situations—kissing, hugging or dandling a child. Nefertiti's striking facial resemblance to her husband, however, is thought by some scholars to be the result of artistic license, a concession to the kingly features considered ideal at the time.

As a founder of a new religion, Akhenaten needed a new capital for his god, and he found it at Tell el Amarna, a scoop in the hills along the Nile halfway between Memphis and Thebes. There, with an authority today's modern planners can only envy, Akhenaten laid out and had built a whole city. But when he died, the traditionalists took over and tore the whole place down. Thus there are few surviving works of monumental size, but the smaller objects, dug out of the rubble of Tell el Amarna and now on exhibition in Brooklyn, testify dramatically to the marked change in style and approach that the young Sun King instigated. It was a new particularity—a King with a paunch, a courtier with a sullen mouth, a sensuous Queen. Even the beasts of the field were liberated from the frozen rhythmic frieze of an earlier time. The result was an art vivid as yesterday, eternal as tomorrow.

■ A. T. Baker



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